

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT reassembled on Tuesday, for a session whose main business is bound to be tariffs, introduced by a Government which has not yet made up its mind as to general principles. Protection is coming, but coming on the instalment system, and the first instalment is a tariff for revenue, with quota for wheat as appendix.

### Tariffs

This is not, of course, enough; but at any rate it is something to go on with. The proposals will be opposed by the Socialists as a matter of course—whether Mr. Lloyd George will return to the House in time to lead the Free Trade opposition remains uncertain—and the House of Commons will also hear the dissentient ministers of the Government on the reasons why they dissent and still retain office.

This latter will hardly be an edifying spectacle, and like a bad play, it will not gain in the least by repetition. But repetition there will probably be, for the Tariff for Revenue is proximate, not ultimate, and the House of Commons has no intention whatever of allowing the Government to delay the full tariff programme until 1933.

It is true that this has sometimes seemed to be the intention of Downing Street, where men often do lip-service to principle while thinking in terms of persons; and no doubt there will be an attempt to preserve as much appearance of Cabinet unity as possible, which may easily mean an attempt to compromise the scientific tariff in the interests of a Liberal care. This will not do at all.

### Socialism v Communism

The reports of a Socialist revival in the constituencies, which have been spread for obvious reasons by the Labour Party in the Press during the past two or three weeks, do not seem to be well-founded. Enquiries among men of calm and detached judgment who are in a position to know what is going on in widely different areas reveal no such swing upward of Socialism; what movement there is, I am told, is towards Communism rather than Socialism.

How far this is serious is difficult to say: Communism is emphatically a minority movement still, but at the moment it is growing—less perhaps of its own volition or because its creed actively appeals to very many, than because official Labour seems to have lost soul

as well as body in the recent electoral disaster. The British worker is not by nature an extremist, but not unnaturally he has lost faith in Socialists who have lost faith in themselves.

Meantime, I hope that the great Conservative majority in the House of Commons will not this time neglect their constituencies, as too many of them did in the 1924-8 Parliament, with the lamentable results that we all know. There is no excuse whatever for neglect, as the majority in the House is large enough to allow of the formation of a rota in attendance while the remainder keep an eye on local affairs at home. The good member makes the safe constituency, not *vice versa*.

### Disarmament

There was something extraordinarily ironical in the opening of the much-advertised Disarmament Conference at Geneva in the very week when Japan and China, both members of the League of Nations, are at war in everything except name. Mr. Henderson, who presided over the formal opening, is too heavy in the hand to deal in irony, but the feeling of failure ahead depressed his rhetorical periods, and Uncle Arthur, like the rest of the delegates present, must have felt that he was merely wasting his time.

Every Disarmament Conference in the past appears to have led to an increase of armaments, and the omens are certainly not more hopeful to-day than at any time in the last 12 years. In any event, by the admission of the more intelligent pacifists themselves, an attack on armaments is not an attack on the actual disease, which is war, but merely on a symptom of the disease which they denounce; and if that is true, as I suppose it is, the only profit that can come from the Disarmament Conference will be reaped by the hotels at Geneva, not by mankind.

### Spain

The news from Spain continues to be depressing in the extreme. The Government it is true, has so far suppressed all attempts at an armed rising, but it remains passive in face of the widespread Communist propaganda. In these circumstances, it is only a question of time when this will have affected the army to such an extent that the troops will refuse to execute the orders of its officers, and then the end will be at hand.

The signs are that the expulsion of the Jesuits will not provoke much trouble, partly because the Order is less popular even among the pious, than other Catholic bodies in the Peninsular,

and partly because of the exceptionally mild attitude of the Vatican towards the oppression of the Spanish Catholics. The real weakness of the Right, of course, is that it possesses neither a leader nor a settled policy, and, as so often in the history of Spain, it appears to be waiting for some general to pull its chestnuts out of the fire.

The best solution, as I have said before, would be the restoration of the monarchy in the person of the Infante Don Juan, King Alfonso's third son. At the same time there is little indication that the Bourbons will be called back to the throne as they were sixty years ago; on this occasion Don Juan will have to fight his way back if he wants the crown, but if he is prepared to do this he will not lack supporters, and should be sure of victory in the end.

### Railways and the Roads

Last week the railway companies did a very unusual thing, by taking the public in their confidence and explaining exactly how they have been and are being hit by road competition. According to the official statement, the four railway groups are losing sixteen millions a year to the roads—or over a third of their annual net revenue—of which ten millions is in respect of the passenger business.

It is contended that if this diversion to the highways proceeds further, the companies will neither be able to earn an adequate return on their capital nor to raise the fresh capital needed if the system is to give an efficient service to the community, and especially to the heavy industries, which do not use road transport. Among the suggestions put forward by the railway companies are that road users should bear the whole cost of highway maintenance, of which two-thirds is now borne by the ratepayer; that private and other light cars should pay lower licence duties and heavy motor vehicles more; and that capital expenditure on road projects should be subject to enquiry either by Parliament or by a special tribunal.

The recommendations concerning licence duties are highly controversial, but since road upkeep and maintenance is now generally regarded as a national and not a local matter, it does not seem unreasonable that schemes for new roads should be subjected to a public inquiry analogous to that held in connection with a proposed new railway. Indeed, the suggestion appears specially reasonable when it is borne in mind that expenditure on new roads is defrayed out of public funds, while railway construction is financed by private capital.

### A Tennyson Puzzle

An odd correspondence has broken out in one of the provincial newspapers as to which particular street Tennyson alluded in the well-known line of "In Memoriam" which refers to the "long unlovely street" where the younger Hallam had once lived. Apparently the honours, or dishonours, are fairly evenly divided between Gower Street and Wimpole Street—neither of them ideals of beauty, but neither of them specially hideous.

This particular controversy is, of course, of no special importance. But a correspondent of this paper now makes the point that Tennyson knew his London and its outer suburbs well—more particularly the Epping Forest district—and suggests that some literary critic interested in literary London should seek out and identify any allusions to the metropolis in the poet's works. I pass on the hint for what it is worth to the book-makers.

### The Future of Clubs

The annual subscriptions are being well maintained, though Staff Christmas boxes were hardly so flourishing. But a shock or two is ahead of the West End. One university club is in danger, and two noted social clubs in St. James Square and Pall Mall are discussing amalgamation. I congratulate the late Junior Athenæum on providing a new job for every displaced club-servant, a fine piece of work, beating the deceased Cavendish with a 90 per cent. record last year.

### The Telephone Habit

The Post Office has an unsuspected sense of humour. For some reason best known to itself it charges nothing for installing the telephone in the country, but makes a charge for installing it in town; and a friend who did not realise this playful habit had the instrument installed when he recently moved from the country to London.

His letters are now stamped "Get the Telephone Habit" by the Postmaster-General—and one of the first communications which he received was the bill for installation, almost before he had used the instrument. He tells me that he has both obeyed and paid. But would it not be easier to get the telephone habit if it were installed without fee, in town as well as country.

### Pole Squatting

We have been ridiculing America so long about her ridiculous endurance competitions

that it comes as something of a shock to find that one of them has reached our shores. In London (Eng.) at this moment people are sitting on a square seat on the top of a ten feet pole who will still be sitting there when these words are published, each trying to out-seat the others. Already a girl claims to have set up the woman's record of 30 hours and 15 minutes, and once a record is claimed there are always those eager to break it.

Perhaps the Disarmament experts, who expect to remain at Geneva six months, will catch the new craze. There will be plenty of time for pole-squatting in the intervals, or even during the sessions themselves; and the discovery of a modern St. Simeon Stylites might conceivably be the sole net result of a conference which seems unlikely to achieve any solution of the problem it has met to discuss.

### The Bradman Menace

On Monday Don Bradman scored 299 not out for Australia in the fourth Test Match against South Africa, and in doing so captured at least four more records. He has now reached the stage when he fails unless he tops three figures, and even he must find it impossible to remember all the records he holds.

Bradman, in fact, has become a perfect scoring machine and as such is bound to do Cricket a great deal of harm. The essence of sport, both for player and spectator, lies in a game's uncertainty. Hobbs is loved because he is as capable of registering a duck as a century, and once the novelty has worn off the public will not pay to watch Bradman rattle off robot centuries. In the circumstances the best thing we can do is to find his counterpart as a bowler; watching the irresistible force meet the immovable object would, I think, take most of us to Lord's, if only to see what would happen.

### The Davis Cup

The draw for the Davis Cup took place on Tuesday and Great Britain, having secured a bye in the first round, meets Roumania in the second. With the same men available who last year all but overcame the French holders, we stand a chance of regaining our former glories and breaking the recent French and American monopoly. Austin and Perry are brilliant players who have not yet reached their zenith, but who can already hold their own against the best of other nations. Austin is the more polished player, but lacks stamina and will to win. Perry, on the other hand, is of the real bull-dog type and his endurance, combined with skill, may be the means of bringing the Davis Cup back.



## MR. MACDONALD'S WEAKNESS

**A** FORTNIGHT ago the National Government was on the point of dissolution, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has since revealed that "it" was necessary for him "strive almost literally night and day to keep it from crumbling." He went on to say, in a burst of confidence, that he is "proud of his achievement" and that "the nation ought to be most grateful" for the special service thus rendered behind the scenes in Downing Street.

We have no desire to look the Prime Minister's gift-horse in the mouth, but candour compels us to add that the only tangible result of his working night and day was an agreement to differ in public as well as in private, and that grateful as we are for small mercies in these difficult days, we find it difficult to profess any enthusiasm whatever over what seems at best a mere negative achievement. The business of a Government, after all, is to govern, and the business of a leader is to lead. How can it be suggested that a Government governs when its Prime Minister openly admits that he can only agree to disagree? How can it be supposed that the head of the Coalition is leading it steadily forward when the various legs of this novel hybrid all deliberately point in different directions?

There is evidently something wrong with a Government which includes an Opposition under its own hat; and since we regard the national interest as being of more importance than the National Government, we propose to diagnose the disease from which it suffers.

The experiment on which Mr. MacDonald embarked last August, as a result of the complete and utter failure of his own Socialist Government, was an interesting one, but being an experiment, it could only be justified by success. That success, in our view, could only be obtained in one way: Firstly by the real agreement of its various sections and members. Secondly, by the resignation of any dissident minority. And thirdly, by the firm discipline within and the real leadership without of the man at the head.

Tried by each of these tests, the Government has failed in its purpose. It has substituted a paper agreement to disagree for a real agreement. It has tolerated the continuance in office of those who disagree, not on trivial points of detail, but on the major principles of National and Imperial economic policy. And its head has acclaimed as a personal triumph the fact that he has substituted disorganisation for discipline, and Laodicea for leadership.

The fault, we suggest, lies largely in Mr. MacDonald himself. His best friends deplore his personal vanity; his most loyal followers regret his weakness and indecision—which was most conspicuously known when he

opposed the General Strike of 1926 until the moment it was declared, and then acquiesced with the impotent confession, "what else could we do?" Precisely the same thing is happening to-day, for his personal vanity makes him regard himself as the indispensable head of the Government, and his weakness and indecision make him confess to his constituents at Seaham that "he never asked for a tariff" the week before the Government of which he is the head introduces its tariff proposals. It would be offensive, and possibly unjust, to compare the Prime Minister with Mr. Facing-both-ways; but it is at any rate certain that those who try to make the best of both worlds seldom cut an effective figure in either.

We do not in the least expect or desire that Mr. MacDonald should show the proverbial zeal of the convert. As an old Free Trader, we could quite understand that he feels doubtful about tariffs, were it not that in the same speech he confessed himself equally doubtful of Free Trade: but the fact remains that his Government is a tariff Government. As a Socialist all his life, it is not for him to profess a Toryism which he does not feel; but the fact remains that his majority is a Tory majority. As an internationalist all his life, it is not for him to exalt a nationalism with which he does not agree; but the fact remains that his Government is called a National Government.

The trouble with Mr. MacDonald as we see it is that he is a misfit. The achievement for which he will be remembered in political history was that he built up the Labour Party in Opposition from the grain of mustard seed sown by Keir Hardie to the second party in the State; but against that must be set the fact that he has been as consistently unsuccessful in Government as he has been successful in Opposition. The first Labour Government ended in a muddle, the second in a mess; and there are unfortunately signs that history may repeat itself now that the ex-Socialist leader is the head of what is virtually a Tory administration.

We do not believe that history will in fact repeat itself, for the Country is now in so serious a position that it cannot afford to see the Government fail in its plain duty of reforming the national finances and introducing an Empire tariff. But it is becoming increasingly clear that Mr. MacDonald is not the man to carry through these essential changes, and we suggest that in his own interests, no less than those of the nation, he will take an early opportunity of reconstructing the Government by recommending that it should in future be led by a more effective Prime Minister.



## COMMONSENSE ABOUT SHANGHAI

**K**ING CHARLES I once declared that the English were a sober people, and fortunately the national characteristics have remained unchanged since his day, for never has the country had greater need of sobriety of outlook than at the present time. Last week a certain section of the Press attempted to stampede its readers into a panic as a result of a badly handled mutiny at Dartmoor, and now it is trying to make our flesh creep with rumours that another world war is at hand because the Japanese have killed a few Chinamen. The plain fact is that this is moonshine, for both the Sino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese Wars took place without the least risk of any other Power being involved, and the present conflict is quite obviously upon an infinitely smaller scale.

At the same time there is another section of our would-be mentors which holds up its hands in horror at what the Japanese have done, and declares that foreign intervention is necessary on the ground of international morality. Anything more hypocritical than such an attitude it would be impossible to imagine, for if even the wildest Chinese accusations against Tokio are to be believed, the Japanese are still a long way from committing so monstrous an atrocity as the deliberate destruction of the Imperial Summer Palace, which was effected by the

soldiers of Great Britain and France. No Power, European or Asiatic, has clean hands so far as China is concerned, and it is quite useless to pretend that it has. As in the case of the Ottoman Empire, we have all, at one time and another, taken advantage of the Celestials' weakness, just as Japan is doing at this moment. No practical purpose will be served by the pot calling the kettle black.

So far as the British Government is concerned, its course is, in our opinion, quite clear. At all costs it must protect the lives and property of British citizens in the Far East, and we have no doubt whatever that our fellow-countrymen will support any measures it may take towards this end. Apart from this, the conflict between Japan and China does not concern us in any way. We are the allies of neither, and so long as our own people do not suffer the quarrel is no concern of ours. If the United States, France, or Italy, chooses to become involved, that is its affair. To descend from the general to the particular, the Government is fully justified in demanding that the combatants shall respect the International Settlement, and we wholeheartedly congratulate Sir John Simon upon displaying a firmness in which Sir Austen Chamberlain unfortunately proved himself to be completely lacking.

## FINANCIAL FACTS AND FALLACIES

**A**S the date of the introduction of the Budget draws nearer, all sorts of rumours are beginning to make their appearance, and one of the most persistent relates to the conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is credited with the intention of reducing the rate of interest to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. or 3 per cent., and of compensating the investor by a reduction of the Income Tax by 1s. 6d. in the pound. It is true that this particular rumour has been denied, but it is still too prevalent to be ignored, and it is more than likely that the practicability of some such scheme is being explored by the Treasury.

In our opinion any scheme of conversion ought to be voluntary. It is, of course, clear that it must be voluntary so far as the foreign investor is concerned, or the national credit will crash, and we see no reason why in a matter of this sort the foreigner should receive preferential treatment. Indeed, if such a preference were to be given, it would be open to the rich man to put all his money in War Loan, transfer his residence to Dublin or Dieppe, and receive 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. more on his money than his less fortun-

ate compatriot who remained in the British Isles.

Furthermore, what security is the native investor to receive that a future Chancellor will not re-impose the 1s. 6d. on the Income Tax? No Parliament can bind its successors, and we cannot imagine a Socialist administration respecting any covenant made with the direct taxpayer. In any event, the scheme would operate most unfairly, and would in the end merely benefit the rich at the expense of the rest of the community, which is most undesirable from every point of view.

That conversion in some form is inevitable we freely admit, and had it not been for the bad finance of the late Government it would probably have been effected long ago upon terms equally advantageous to the Treasury and to the investor. To-day, thanks to Lord Snowden, the task is infinitely more difficult, but that is no reason for having recourse to fanciful proposals that must in the long run be productive of more harm than good. If the Government will put forward a scheme of conversion that is at once attractive and sound there will, we feel sure, be no hesitation on the part of the holder of War Loan to take advantage of it.

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LABOUR PARTY?

BY A LIBERAL

**C**RITICISM of the Labour programme is in these days made somewhat difficult by the absence of anything to be called an authorised version. Those Commander Kenworthy styles the "great figures" of the party have been pathetically silent since the general election. To say they had become lay figures would, indeed, be quite legitimate. And even while the election was in progress, though their loquacity was unbounded, they were anything but informative save upon the intestine squabbles which had destroyed their Government. Fighting desperately to retain their mere seats, they hardly thought it worth while to elaborate a policy for so improbable a contingency as their return to office.

From Mr. Lansbury in the House of Commons we have learned nothing of any moment whatsoever. Performing his rudimentary task as leader of the Opposition, he has simply said "No" to everything proposed or done. The devotion of his party to free trade cannot, however, be inferred from his negatives, any more than can its abhorrence of constitutional changes. Poor Mr. Lansbury is a victim of circumstances, and, like Frederic in *The Pirates of Penzance*, the slave of duty. From his obligatory head shaking we shall learn nothing about Labour's real orientation.

But, though the negative attitude may, or must, suffice for the Labour rump in Parliament, it will not serve the turn of the great unseated. For them, some sort of positive policy is essential. What it will be can at present only be conjectured. Perhaps it will be just a new edition of *Labour and the Nation*, that lengthy document which Lord Snowden, in common with the mass of his fellow countrymen, did not find time to read. Possibly it may be something on the terser, sterner, model lately proposed by Commander Kenworthy in a contribution to this review. Which of these alternatives is the less likely to satisfy the country is a nice problem.

If *Labour and the Nation* was little read and never digested by a single man or woman, it was at least freely quoted, and the snippets from it were serviceable slogans. Its authors, knowing well what would be its fate, had not troubled at all about coherence. Worthy successors to Tadpole and to Taper, they had been content when something to please all those "men and women of good will" to whom it was addressed, had been included. Thus, and in the very forefront too, appeared the promise of "prudent and economical administration of the nation's income." How scandalously that pledge was disregarded is to-day notorious.

Perusal of the famous manifesto is enough to show that there was never any serious intention of limiting expenditure. Page after page was devoted to explaining how the social services were to be developed, and many passages, it may be added, were nothing more than paragraphs from Liberal publications of the past. The trouble was that these admirable projects were rehashed with a frivolous unconcern for ways and means, due, as one must charitably suppose, to ignorance of the financial plight into which we were already falling. Two or three paragraphs, written with evident and exceeding glee, produce a still worst impression. We are, for example, told that the question is "not what the Exchequer will take from the wealthy testator, but what it will leave his heirs." Elsewhere we learn that it is "an antiquated delusion," popular "in the smoking rooms of rich men's clubs," to imagine wealth ceasing to be wealth if spent on beneficial services.

Crazy improvidence could scarcely go further. The supply of "wealthy testators" is assumed to be constantly equal to the demand. No clear line is drawn between productive expenditure and expenditure which,

though desirable, happens to be unproductive. Without a doubt, the best of Labour's brains had been set on spending, and some dweller in cloud cuckoo land had been left to fill in details as to raising the wind. Money was to be had from "ground values," although the land was to be transferred to the State "with the utmost rapidity," and its owners given compensation. In addition there was the much vaunted surtax on incomes from investments. According to a leaflet of the period, it was to provide the wherewithal for war on poverty and unemployment, reduction of rates, development schemes, extension of school age, raising the standard of living, and reducing the burden of our National Debt. Since then, various incomes from investments have ceased to be, but even in 1929 it was plain that a bogus prospectus had been issued.

From the Liberal point of view, small fault was to be found with Labour's handling of foreign and imperial affairs. Labour's failure was in finance, and by its financial management every Government must ultimately be judged. In the beginning, to put it mildly, there was wanton carelessness. In the end, there was cowardly refusal to grapple with the blatant facts of the resulting crisis. If a reactionary majority now controls the House of Commons, the late Ministers are responsible; but confidence in Labour cannot be restored by a change of leaders. The major obstacles to reformation are the T.U.C. and the I.L.P., yet I do not see how the party is to be rid of them and live.

The T.U.C. is a respectable and solid body, but, when its sectional interests are at stake, it cannot look beyond them. Paying the piper, it will always call the tune, and Labour depends for funds on the political levy of the unions. As to the I.L.P., there are plenty who will assert that it is nothing more than a thorn to be extracted from the side. I am inclined rather to describe it as a spur, and to doubt whether Labour would move at all were it to be finally discarded.

Commander Kenworthy's ideas, whether practicable or not, do not strike me as of a kind to which the electorate would take kindly. They hint too broadly that his purpose is exploitation of the people in the interests of the State, and this is to be achieved by the complete mechanization of the industrial community. He will not, I predict, win the rural constituencies to Socialism on a cry of night shifts for agricultural workers, even though he brightens the prospect with his portable floodlights. And where his programme is not definitely repellent, it is as vague as was *Labour and the Nation*. Banking, he says, is to be tackled, and the City is to be deprived of its veto, but, apparently, he has not made up his mind whether the banks are to be nationalized or not.

Still Commander Kenworthy's schemes have an air of realism that did not belong to the affirmations of the past. The politician who talks about "Diesel driven electric traction," and discusses the respective merits of petrol and heavy oil, does not mean to be judged a Utopian dreamer. If he also borrows odds and ends from the reports of Liberal Committees, he is in a fair way to be rated a deliverer of the goods. But among his plans are some which it would be difficult to square with the vested interests of the trade unions, and some which might tax the patience of the I.L.P. And, as a final objection to them and to the whole socialistic policy, there is the Englishman's lingering love of liberty. Commander Kenworthy's suggestions may be feasible. Some day or other, they might even be given legislative sanction by a democratically elected Parliament. Thereafter, a dictator and a red army would be required to enforce them. At this point, a Liberal is always driven to admit that, in argument with the Socialist, the Communist has the better of it.



## THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

## BUDDHA OR CHRIST?

BUDDHA By SOLOMON ROSS

I AM neither Buddhist nor Christian. But for me Buddhism is nearer to the truth than Christianity, both in what it states and in what it omits to state.

Ethically both creeds are at bottom the same. Each insists on purity of thought and act, each insists on poverty and humility as the Way of Enlightenment, both hold that in sorrow and privation the soul learns slowly and painfully to find its way upward.

These things, no doubt, are true; by denial of self the self fulfils itself. But how differently are these lessons taught by the two faiths. The Christians' Sermon on the Mount is indeed a noble document; but essentially it is a collection of disjointed and disconnected moral axioms, some obvious, some profound, but demonstrably a series without a system.

In Buddhism, on the other hand, the Way of Enlightenment is not only thought out, but mapped out in an ascending series like terraces on a mountain side. This way and no other can the soul progress; step by step it hews out the upward path for itself. The Christian believes that the thief on the Cross could pass in a flash from perdition to paradise. The Buddhist knows better; not even by miracle or Divine intervention is base metal so quickly transmuted into gold. And in the Buddhist scheme there are no catastrophic ascents or descents, no miraculous transformations of sinners into saints. Individual salvation is achieved by the individual. Is not this nearer to the facts of life as we know them than the Christian teaching?

The Buddhist believes in a hard but logical world in which prayer not merely may but must be answered; but it is answered precisely because of the effort we put into it, and exactly in proportion to that effort. And because human effort, like human will, is limited, the results of human prayer are also limited—but certain.

It is true that Buddhism, unlike Christianity, believes in reincarnation, and I do not; the facts of biology, and even of vital statistics, seem to weigh too heavily against that theory for the Western mind to accept it. But this at least I can see—that the Way of Enlightenment towards perfection being given, it is too long to be attained in the short span of any single life. And if one could believe in reincarnation—as I can not—then thus, and thus only, could one believe in the possibility of the soul's progress towards the completion of its pilgrimage from the flesh that contains it to the spirit that first formed it.

So much for what Buddhism actually defines. In what it omits to define I also find it superior to Christianity.

Christianity teaches, and has taught from the first, that there will be a catastrophic end of the world, the return of its founder in triumph, and the millenium. These things have not happened, and so far as we can see, they are as unlikely to happen as for the crude flat-earth cosmogony which Christianity accepted for fifteen centuries to come true. It is doubtful, I suppose, whether the Buddha was a better astronomer than Christ and St. Paul, but at least he indulged in no prophecies of sudden and cataclysmic endings, and Buddhism is therefore not open to the reproach that its ethical drama is set in a physical stage that has demonstrably collapsed.

The same may be said of formal theology. Buddhism has no incredible Trinity to puzzle the votaries; its creed does not define God, or condemn to perdition those who fail to agree. As one sows in conduct, so one reaps in character, is its theme; the mysterious Being in the background behind all this Becoming remains unknown. Buddhism neither affirms nor denies God, whereas Christianity affirms a God in which few Christians believe—and none understand.

CHRIST By W. DEWAR

I AM for Christ as against Buddha because I am on the side of life and hope.

Christianity is romantic, and, consequently, dynamic. Buddhism is rational, and I hold with Anatole France that the heart makes fewer mistakes than the head, and with Disraeli that we owe to reason none of the great achievements of human progress.

Sundry resemblances between the two systems have been remarked, but only one of them is genuine and important. Both Christ and Buddha knew that all men were unhappy. Starting from that point of agreement, they proceed to differ. The one stands for mending life; the other for ending it.

Buddha takes the morbid view that all desire must be quenched; that all consciousness is evil. He offers us Nirvana, or extinction. When we have reached insensibility, there will be no pain; neither, of course, will there be pleasure.

It is, indeed, true that Buddhism lays down excellent rules to be observed before we win the beatitude of nothingness; but they are marred by the contemptuous spirit which necessarily underlies them. A Buddhist pardons his enemies because he cannot regard them as responsible for their acts, and, still more, because he has concluded that nothing really matters.

Christ teaches that human existence is wretched because human values have been wrong, and he gives new laws for humanity to follow. While Buddhism can merely tell people how to avoid the worst by their behaviour, Christianity orders them to strive contantly for the best, and announces that happiness is actually attainable. Essentially, it is a religion of energy, and, even for this world, it is optimistic.

Certain sayings of Christ have been misinterpreted as implying carelessness about mortal affairs. The miracles and the instructions to the apostles expose that error. To imagine him a quietist is to overlook the terrific force of such a speech as "Go tell that fox," and miss the moral of the blasted fig tree. The simile of the man who has put his hand to the plough was not devised by a contemner of terrestrial effort. If thought is not to be taken for the morrow, it may well be because thoughts of it are, in fact, too often the fears which cause inaction. Christ's care for the world's future is, or should be, patent. Christ left the dead to bury the dead, and proclaimed the obligations of the parent to the child.

Christianity is impugned for erecting impracticable moral standards, while Buddhism is praised because it makes allowances for common human nature. Classing a fit of temper with homicide may seem the height of fanatical absurdity; but the implied reprimand is rather to the complacent than to the angry. The commandment to be perfect is, by its very extravagance, encouraging. As none can keep it, all are sinners, and none can cast a stone at another.

Again, there is a tendency to blame Christianity for its individualism. Its aim, truly, is development of the individual soul, and here, I say, it has been justified by tangible results. Without development of the ego, there can, for instance, be no great art. Precisely because its object is annihilation of the ego, Buddhism is unfriendly to all creation.

For the philosophic nihilist in his study, the message of Gautama has its charm. It may be enlightenment for him; but for the world which loves and labours it is a deepening of darkness. For us of the West, at all events, the story of the child born in a stable who went to sit at the right hand of God, will, I fancy, always be more inspiring than the other Eastern tale of the prince who, weary of his luxuries, withdrew into the wilderness.



## ELECTRICITY MADE BY MUSCLE

By PROFESSOR D. F. FRASER-HARRIS

**P**ROBABLY no subject has had more nonsense talked about it than that of animal electricity. On a very dry night in winter you may get electric sparks by rubbing a cat's fur the "wrong way," but that is no more animal electricity than is given by rubbing a piece of sealing-wax on cloth. The skin of a dead cat will do equally well.

The scientific study of animal electricity, according to the commonly accepted story, began accidentally. Luiga Galvani, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Bologna, on September 20, 1786, was having his supper of frogs' legs on the roof of his house. It appears that the hind legs of a frog prepared in this way had been hung up by a copper hook on the iron railings which surrounded the roof.

Galvani noticed that each time the breeze blew the toes against one of the rails, the legs twitched. He at once concluded that this was an exhibition of animal electricity; but his colleague Alessandro Volta, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Pavia, proved conclusively that in this case electricity was produced at the junction of the two dissimilar metals, copper and iron. When the frog's toes touched the railings, a circuit was closed through hook, railings and legs, with the result that, as the muscles of the legs were still alive, they were stimulated to twitch each time the circuit was completed.

Volta was right and Galvani wrong in attributing this particular result to animal electricity. The electricity was of metallic origin, and manifested itself by passing through the living muscles and making them twitch. But all this did not prove that there was no such thing as electricity of animal origin. For there is; and Galvani spent the rest of his life in devising experiments in which animal tissues can of themselves become the sources of electricity.

These demonstrations are called "contradictions without metals," and some are very ingenious.

Every vital action hitherto examined is now known to be accompanied by an electric disturbance. Even plant tissues produce electricity. The heart of the unhatched chick produces electricity, the last thing the dying heart does is to produce electricity. "The electric current is the alpha and omega of life."

One of the most remarkable demonstrations of these "contradictions without metals" is the following. The living heart of a dead frog is beating on a dry, glass plate, and you lay across it the nerve supplying one of the thigh muscles; each time the heart beats, the muscles contract. Here the nerve has actually been stimulated by the animal electricity of the heart itself.

We have no sense-organs whereby to detect the presence of electricity. It is true that an electric current traversing the skin, especially if dry, can give rise to a pricking sensation. But that is merely due to the ordinary nerves of the skin being irritated by the electricity.

Every living tissue we know—muscle, heart, gland and sense-organ—on going into activity produces a change of electric potential.

The instrument whereby these extremely minute currents are revealed is called the Galvanometer, the modern form of which is probably one of the most sensitive instruments we possess. It can photograph on moving paper the oscillations of a column of mercury or of a thread actuated for the one-thousandth of a second by a current as weak as the one-thousandth of a volt.

That a muscle when it contracts produces electricity was discovered about eighty years ago by a German physiologist, Du Bois Raymond in Berlin.

The electric "currents of action" of the beating heart in man can be led off from the hands or the feet to

the Galvanometer and there photographed. The Galvanometer may be some miles away from the person whose heart's electricity is being thus revealed.

From an inspection of these photographs, the specialist can say whether the heart is or is not healthy. None of this involves the slightest pain or discomfort.

Even such a sense-organ as the eye when it goes into activity manifests electric current. This was discovered in 1871 by two Scottish workers, Dewar and MacKendrick, in Edinburgh. They used the eye of the frog which will live for some time after its owner is dead. Keeping the eye in a dark box and connected with a Galvanometer, they showed that when light was admitted, if only for an instant, an electric current was made visible in the optic nerve.

Possibly the most remarkable phenomena in the whole realm of living beings are the discharges of electricity from the electric fishes.

Ever since Humboldt, about 120 years ago, published the account of his travels in South America, we have known of huge eels in the River Orinoco capable of stunning quite large animals by electric currents alone. Many fishes have electric organs, three in particular. Torpedo, the name the Romans gave to a smaller member of the shark family found in the Mediterranean; a fish called *Malapterurus*, the "Thunder-fish" of the Arabs, which inhabits the Nile and other African rivers; and the electric eel (*Gymnotus*) a native of the Orinoco.

Humboldt, reported that the Indians, who liked the flesh of the eels, used to drive horses into the water so that the fish might, by attacking horses, get so tired out that they could be caught.

The electric eel has been studied with great care in the laboratory. A German investigator placed one naked foot near the head and the other near the tail of a large eel and received a most painful shock which threw all his muscles into spasms.

If the current is allowed to traverse a man's forehead, he sees a flash of light just as he does when a current of electricity from a battery passes through the front part of the skull.

If the body of the fish is put into a metallic circuit, it can be shown that its electricity will magnetise a needle, produce a note in a telephone, ring a bell, and give a spark when the wires are suddenly pulled apart.

The direction of the circuit in the fish is from tail to head. By the help of the microscope, the physiologists have discovered that the electric organ is made up of an enormous number of tiny discs or plates arranged in long rows parallel to the length of the eel. Biologists tell us that the electric organ is modified muscle, that in one fish it is found exactly where the gill-muscles are in the other fish of that species.

The electric organ is to some extent under the control of the fish's nervous system for it is supplied with nerve-fibres which arise in nerve-cells in the spinal cord in the same manner as the muscles of locomotion are supplied. The fish cannot traverse the direction of the current, but it can decrease the amount of electric organ discharging at any given moment. The voltage of the shocks from an electric eel may be anything from 200 to 450 volts.

How is it possible for living tissues to develop all this energy? The answer involves an appreciation of the capacity which Nature possesses of producing a powerful effect by comparatively insignificant means. It is believed that the voltage of a single electric disc is only four hundredths of a volt. But as these discs are all in voltage of a single disc multiplied by the number of discs, if there are 5,000 discs in series, this would give

200 volts for the entire electric organ of one side of the fish.

We see, then, in animal electricity a very curious manifestation of vitality. Muscle cannot become active without liberating electricity. In the electric organ, muscle has been so modified that it has given up all "series," the total electro-motive force developed is the

power of movement and has developed in its stead the generation of electric current.

The study of animal electricity, besides compelling us to admire the resourcefulness of Nature, has shown us that aeons and aeons before man discovered the electric battery, Nature had perfect and powerful batteries of her own.

## WILL THE FILMS WAKE UP?

By A. J. Siggins

WILL the films or the public wake up first? In Britain, I mean, because the Americans are already awake. They have stolen a march on us.

We have been so busy establishing our film industry over here and trying to fight Hollywood by quotas and other external means, that we have completely missed the natural advantages that lie to our hands. And so America has beaten us again. One of the biggest box office successes of the year has been "Trader Horn," an American film made on British territory and using our tremendous natural resources.

It looks as though the public were waking first. And "Trader Horn" is not an isolated case. Americans made "Africa Speaks" on British territory. I myself was in charge of the expedition when the big game scenes of the "Four Feathers" were shot in Tanganyika, and the famous American producer, Schoedsack with whom I worked, has just returned to Hollywood after making "Bengal Lancer" in the Himalayas.

Schoedsack himself has said to me, "Locations, game, climate, actors—you have everything here at a thousandth part of the price you would have to pay in Hollywood. Why the heck don't you use it? I suppose your British film producers will wake up some day."

Why the heck don't we? That is a question I can't answer. Box office returns, strongest argument of all from an industrial point of view, show the way the public taste is turning, but they seem to have made no practical impression on British producers.

And there is another side to the question too. Although big game will always be at the disposal of the camera man I expect, the tribes and their customs will not. In my thirty years experience of Africa, I have seen great changes amongst natives, and it makes me anxious for authentic records before it is too late.

Even the Indians are setting us an example. Indian film companies have taken films of Indian life and history to show to Indian audiences, and they have met with splendid success.

But it is amazing how soundly asleep our own film industry seems to be. Several years ago Hollywood made "The Covered Wagon" which was almost as great a success in the British Empire as it was in America. And that picture created a popular taste for frontier stories, which the success of "Cimarron" last year, shows us is highly developed. At this rate our children will grow up with a fine knowledge of American frontier stories, and pioneer hardihood.

And it will be very much our own fault if we don't wake up and give these children some tales of their own pioneering forefathers. It is the amazing truth that British films have never seriously exploited the adventurous lives of the Empire pioneers.

Thirty years ago this March, Cecil Rhodes was buried in the lonely Matopo hills—what a magnificent opportunity that anniversary would have been for a stirring film record of one of the most spectacular and beloved of our Empire builders. We have living at this moment, men who knew Rhodes and worked with him, but they are growing old now, and if we delay much longer we shall lose something essential when the witnesses are gone and we have to use imagination to fill the gaps.

For such films are bound to come—America has known it for years. What a tale could be told to the youngsters,

of Captain Cook, and early days among the aborigines of Australia and the Maoris of New Zealand, races which are fast dying out.

For there is nothing that stirs young blood like true tales of courage against long odds. The pioneers were men of our race, not distinguished from the crowd in their youth, and with practically nothing to guide them. They went out from these little islands and won a quarter of the world—and held it. In the achievements of these men and women we have a tremendous dynamic force. Their stories should be passed on to the young, not left to fade into oblivion.

Although the old pioneers are many of them dead, the pioneering days are not yet over. I have lived in New Zealand, Australia and Africa, and I know that there is still work for men and women who will go out with courage and the pioneering spirit, ready to make a living by enterprise and hard work. I know Africa best, and I know that for many generations yet, it will be a land for those who have the spirit to carve out their lives in undeveloped country.

But Africa is rapidly filling up with foreigners—the proportion of British immigrants to foreigners is one to three in many places. That means that not only will the tastes of these foreign communities be national—opening markets for the goods of their own countries—but they will influence political opinion. Unless our young people go out to the Dominions and Colonies, it will only be a question of time before British ideals, traditions and tastes will be swamped under the keen, virile forces that are building a Colonial Empire under the protection of our flag and our credits. Even to-day, any tariff wall around the British Empire would include within it a very large proportion indeed of foreigners.

We are suffering from over-population at home and under population in the Empire—but it is no good for us to send our youth away from home to make a fortune. Fortunes are seldom made that way. No parent can be expected to teach his children to venture far from the sheltered trades, nor can the youths, once they have formed friendships and entered into business, in these days of competition, be expected to think of adventures—especially when they have continually impressed upon them that the Dominions do not want any more men—unless they have had a chance to form for themselves some idea of the countries and their possibilities.

But the British breed still runs true, and if we can stir our young men and women into eagerness to go themselves, they will make history as the pioneers did. There is no way of fighting depression half so potent as brave stories and practical opportunities.

Germany is using Hitler. His flag-wagging and drum beating is putting life into the tired and depressed masses. Italy has Mussolini, who has changed the basic life of the nation—and he has not scorned to use emotional methods. The leaders of Russia have realised the importance of films to stir the imagination of youth, India is doing the same. What are we doing?

The films are our chance. They are so much more than an industry, they are one of the greatest cultural influences of our modern world. They can set a whole people in motion—and statesmen can handle movement; it is apathy that cramps and holds a nation in check.

What tremendous issues are at stake! And yet we still wait patiently till British films wake up.



## CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS

## VI—ANTON LOCK

BY ADRIAN BURY.

THE art of painting should be a just balance between vision and technique. To adapt an old axiom, where there is no vision the painter perishes. For every hundred artists who laboriously acquire the language of paint only about five have something to say that is worth hearing. Technique can be taught, but the power of seeing and expressing forcibly and originally is a rare gift.

Mr. Anton Lock is primarily a painter of horses. His exhibition which is being opened to-day by Mr. James Pryde at the the Leger Galleries is the culmination of many years of thought and effort directed towards the revelation of the horse in a new light. In a country where this animal has inspired a school of painters unique in the history of art, it might be thought impossible to find an artist who can add something to the tradition of Stubbs and Morland, the Alkens and Huggins, distinguished names whose reputation has been further enhanced by the recent researches of Mr. Shaw Sparrow.

The work of Mr. Lock, however, differs from these men in that his attitude towards the horse is philosophical and decorative rather than purely pictorial. He has a mood, and it is a mood of pity. Let me hasten to add that Mr. Lock is not pitiful in the sentimental manner. His pictures are not calculated to raise a tear, but they certainly do make us think. He sees the horse remote and detached, a beast of burden; not so much the friend of man as the eternal slave of circumstances. He is harnessed to the yoke, toiling and suffering, but always dignified and beautiful. Such is the theme on which Mr. Lock constructs a kind of sonata in the minor key. For his work is thoughtful in design and reticent in colour.

The hunter and the racehorse are happy creations. They are associated with mankind in the pomp and pageant of gaiety. They are part of the quality of happiness, taking their place in a landscape of brilliance. Mr. Lock is concerned with the less favoured of the species, the heavy draught horse of the streets and farms, the horse used for hauling and ploughing.

If the mechanical era is gradually relieving these horses of their burdens, the humanitarian will rejoice, for the draught horse in action, with its bones and muscles racked by the heaviness of fate, is hardly less melancholy a spectacle than the peasant bent or broken in the eternal struggle for bread. If we look into the face of the "Man with the Hoe," by Millet, we see human nature in conflict with inexorable forces. Here is primitive man with little hope other than the priests can offer him, and to be dead were better perhaps than than to be so desperate a slave to the earth.

In such a category there is little difference between man and the draught horse that shares his labours. It is a life of action, truly, but action without exhilaration. Science has done something to alleviate the lot of the landworker. It is also shifting on to its mechanical shoulders the burden that the horse has borne from times immemorial.

When I look at Mr. Lock's pictures of horses drawing timber, pulling the plough, their muscles taut with weights or relaxed after the fatigue of the day, I find myself asking the question whether this long drudgery is coming to an end, whether, in fact, this kind of quadruped, having fulfilled its destiny, will pass and become memorialised in the pictures of artists who knew them. In this case, the work of Mr. Lock will be by way of an elegy, and future generations will look at his

horses with sympathy. They will have passed, as the coach and calvary horses and the mounts of highwaymen. A fragment of form and ardour will have gone, but some of the brutality and bitterness, apparently inevitable in this world of strife, will have gone with them.

Mr. Lock's vision then is in seeing these endurances as no other artist has done in quite the same way. His knowledge of horse anatomy is profound. He can do with the animal what a master of human figure can do with men and women, placing his groups in almost any position; and when we recall the infinite number of poses of the horse in movement and tranquillity, the intricate rhythm of legs and neck, back and torso, this is real knowledge. He never looks merely at the surface of his horses, but through them, first skeletonising them and then erecting upon such framework the muscles and sinews, the lights and shadows and colours until the illusion of bulk in atmosphere has a sculpturesque solidity. There are no doubt veterinary surgeons who would quarrel with a point here and there, alleging exaggerations and omissions that do not coincide with their experience as horse doctors. But such academic criticism has no more to do with the painter than the medical assertion that the figures of Michaelangelo are anatomically beyond the register of facts.

Mr. Lock is a poet in the sense that he knows how to emphasise and give greater truth by distortion, a legitimate practice of all artists who have not been tied to a commonplace ideal of expression. To catch the salient thrust of movement is to create life and to ensure character. Thus is the prose of fact transmuted into the poetry of imagination. The excesses and eliminations in Mr. Lock's paintings are not the result of accident or of immature ideas. They are of deliberate intention. If he overbends a neck or enlarges a haunch it is for the purpose of clearer statement.

To the unthinking mind the horse in Watts' statue "Physical Energy" is a caricature, so far does it appear removed from ordinary conception. To the more critical mind it is the consummation of all that is powerful and splendid in the nature of the horse. Here is one of the few modern equestrian statues that rises above the technique of the modelling tool and the bronze caster's foundry. The beauty of the thing is implicit in the symbol, and reveals itself only to those who have the gift of feeling and thought equally with the gift of eyesight.

These studies at the Leger Galleries have something of the same purpose. Mr. Lock is a symbolist founded upon fact. He conceives his picture as a harmony of lines and masses, and whether there are half a dozen horses or only two, the artist first aims at compositional values. His shapes and spaces are invariably relevant. There is unity between his horses and their environment. Even when he completely symbolises their shapes to accentuate struggle, we are never in doubt as to his scholarship. His pictures are the work of an indefatigable student of form, and since he has learnt, as did Blake, something from Michaelangelo, it is only to be expected that his colour should be neither pretty nor obvious. But with its quiet reds, browns, yellows and greens, it gains in time a permanent hold over the senses as a poem which at first appears obscure captivates us on intimate acquaintance.

Mr. Lock is a horse painter who differs from all the others who have attempted this subject. Though a modern, he is never trivial. He is an artist who expresses the horse with a strange depth of understanding and sympathy.



## STORY

## THE FANATIC

By K. S. VERDAD.

ROBERT ANDERSON was not looking forward to the last visit of inspection he would make before his leave "ex-India." Firstly, because it meant a long and tiring journey over an atrociously bad road, and secondly because, although he liked the young couple who would be his hosts, he had to confess to himself that he still liked one of them far too much for his own peace of mind.

When the girl had first arrived in the country a year ago, he had seen a good deal of her. The jungle fascinated her, and she had been eager to accompany him on many of his long rides through the Government forests in which his work lay. A good horsewoman, she had gained his admiration by her masterful way with any horse on which he had cared to mount her, an admiration which he had not troubled to conceal. So little had he done so, in fact, that the other residents of the station had had no doubts as to the probable end of it all, and were speculating only on the occasion that would be chosen for the announcement of the engagement.

Then young O'Malley, his junior in the Forest Service, had returned from leave in England, and the whole situation had changed. He had made an instant appeal to the girl's imaginative temperament, and had literally carried her off her feet. The engagement had been short, and the happy couple had then retired to the little Forest bungalow at the other end of the district, where O'Malley's work chiefly lay.

During the six months that they had been married, Anderson had again and again postponed this particular visit of inspection. But it could no longer be shirked; he was off on leave in a week and the inspection must be entered in his official diary before he left.

The journey turned out to be every bit as tiring as he had anticipated. The Madrassi driver of the ramshackle Ford had learnt nothing from experience, and to slacken speed for exceptionally deep pot-holes or cross-drains never entered his head. But all things come to an end, and after five hours of purgatory, they at last drew up before the little bungalow.

His shout of "Koi hai" quickly brought out a white-clad servant who showed him into the bungalow. O'Malley had been writing what appeared to be a telegram as he entered, but put it aside and quickly rose to greet his superior. Anderson was at once struck by his worried and drawn look, but as, after the usual conventionalities, O'Malley made no complaint of trouble or ill-health, Anderson made no allusion to the matter.

"And how's Mary?" he asked.

O'Malley's reply puzzled him, and left him ill at ease, but to this day he has never been able to remember the exact words used. They left Anderson uncomfortable because he could not gather whether condolences or further observations of any kind were expected of him, and also because O'Malley was so obviously embarrassed in uttering them. However, the moment passed, as such moments do, and the two men were soon sitting out on the verandah in long chairs enjoying the cool of the evening.

They kept up a desultory conversation, chiefly on official matters, until bed-time, and then O'Malley excused himself with the remark that he had a few telegrams to write out—a somewhat unusual task at this hour of the night, with the telegraph office two miles away closed until eight o'clock the next morning.

The hours that followed were to Anderson one long nightmare. The flimsy walls of the little bungalow allowed every sound from the adjoining bedroom to penetrate to his ears. Hour after hour, he lay awake

listening to the unnerving sound of a woman moaning, and occasionally laughing hysterically. O'Malley was apparently attempting to soothe her, and Anderson could hear long monologues, either as if O'Malley were reading to her, or saying unending prayers aloud.

Sleep was entirely out of the question and as he turned and tossed inside the stuffy mosquito curtain, he tried to piece together the puzzle of the last few hours. Why hadn't O'Malley told him straight out that Mary was ill? What could be the telegrams that he had been writing when they first met, and that he had gone on writing before he went to bed? How ill was Mary? Why had his own servant's manner been so curious when he told him that the Memsahib had "fever," that convenient word which, in the vocabulary of our Indian brothers, may cover anything from arsenic poisoning to a mere disinclination for some unpleasant duty? Had he stumbled on a tragedy of madness caused by the lonely life in this solitary bungalow, and if so, how was he to find out? These and similar conjectures passed wearily through his brain, but sleep mercifully overcame him before dawn. He awoke with a clear-cut decision that some action on his part was essential, and his servant's announcement that O'Malley sahib was expecting him for breakfast showed that the way was clear.

The meal started in an awkward silence, made worse by occasional forced conversation regarding plans for the day's work. At last Anderson could stand it no longer, and he blurted out the question foremost in his mind.

"My servant tells me he has heard Mary is very ill. I hope it isn't true?"

"Oh, no, nonsense, nothing of the kind," O'Malley answered very shortly.

But by now Anderson had determined to force his hand.

"That's all very well, O'Malley," he said. "But to-morrow I shall be back in Feringipur, and the ladies—not forgetting Mary's sister—are bound to ask after her. What am I going to tell them? That I spent a day with you in this out-of-the-way spot, that I never saw Mary, that all the servants said she was very ill, but you denied it? What are they going to think about a yarn like that?"

O'Malley went very white, and for a moment Anderson expected an angry outburst from him.

Then, at last, came the pitiful story.

"Well, sir," he said. "You probably won't understand when I do tell you. You would just say that Mary had malaria, and needed quinine. Well, I don't believe in that sort of thing, nor does Mary now. We believe that all illness is due to lack of faith, and unless you are of the same way of thinking, you can't do anything for us."

Anderson thought a little. "Look here, my lad," he replied. "When you've seen as much malaria as I have, you'll realise that left to its own devices, it's a pretty deadly disease for an Englishwoman. You are taking a devil of a lot of responsibility on yourself. Even on your own showing, your faith is not up to the job of curing it."

"No," he confessed. "That's perfectly true. But I'm taking steps to deal with the situation."

"What steps?" asked Anderson, now thoroughly roused.

"I've cabled almost daily to London, to people there who have more faith than ourselves, and they're working for us. That's all I can do."

This answer seemed to Anderson ludicrously, tragically unsatisfactory, but what could he do? O'Malley was no doubt his subordinate, but you cannot order your juniors to give their wives medical treatment, nor

\* "Any one about?"

can you call in an Inspector of the Public Health Department, even if such an institution existed. Anderson's position was made more difficult by his own relationship with Mary. Although no word of love had passed between them, they had been almost inseparable before O'Malley's arrival, and doubtless the latter knew of this. He would consequently resent strongly any attempt on Anderson's part to dictate how Mary should be treated.

So Anderson decided to take no further action until the evening. The day passed off without incident. Both men were fully occupied checking the books and ledgers, and O'Malley's work was in excellent order. But the evening, when it came, brought no change in the situation. The two men sat down to an uneasy meal, neither of them being able for one moment to forget the sick woman moaning in her fever within a few feet of them.

Before they turned in, Anderson fired his last shot.

"Look here, O'Malley, I'm not going to England leaving this state of affairs in existence. I've no right to interfere with your religious scruples, although the law may have some say in the matter afterwards if anything happens to Mary. But I can—and will—order you back to Headquarters, and you'll find her friends and relations very difficult to deal with."

"You can't do that sir," said O'Malley brokenly. "You'd better come and judge for yourself whether she's fit for the journey over that road."

So saying, he opened the door, and led his chief into the adjoining bedroom.

Anderson was horrified by what he saw. Mary, the ghost of her former self, lay tossing and turning on the bed, her eyes bright with the fever that was consuming her. She was muttering in her delirium, and did not recognise either of them.

A lump rose in Anderson's throat as he stood silently watching the tortured woman.

"Would nothing in the world persuade you to give her a whacking dose of quinine and aspirin to-night, O'Malley? She'd be free of the fever by to-morrow if you did."

"Nothing but the assurance that I wasn't committing a crime—and I'm afraid you can't give me that."

Anderson turned brusquely and went to his room, in order to keep control of himself. Mary, the gay companion of those rides, the woman whom he would now have given all he possessed to make his wife, to be the victim of this senseless fanaticism.

Such were Anderson's thoughts as he undressed—and then an idea came to him and he went no further with his undressing, but lit a pipe and lay on the bed until the sounds in the next room showed that O'Malley had gone to bed. Then, with his shoes in one hand and an electric torch in the other, he crept quietly out of the bungalow.

The next morning, just as they were finishing breakfast, a cable arrived for O'Malley. With trembling fingers he opened it, and pushed it across to Anderson. It was headed "London" and dated the preceding day. "Advise quinine temporary reinforcement if faith insufficient," and signed with an unknown name.

"Splendid," said Anderson. "Give her twenty grains at once, and ten grains of aspirin. She'll be a different woman by to-night."

Bob Anderson, to the surprise of his friends, did not go on leave to England that year after all. He explained to them that family reasons had made it more convenient to take it the next year instead.

But Ram Chand, the telegraph Babu at the village office two miles from the O'Malley bungalow, could tell a different story. As he had explained to Anderson when the latter dug him out of his bed late one night, tampering with telegrams was "very criminal offence"—and he was a poor man.

In fact, it took all Bob's hardly-saved passage money, and a little more, to make him feel any richer.

## THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

"Full Fathom Five." By Naomi Mitchison and L. E. Gielgud. Embassy.

"FULL FATHOM FIVE" is a play with a Purpose. What that Purpose is (or rather was; for the piece has been withdrawn) I confess to having been in doubt until after the play was over. Then, in her first-night speech—or more accurately, in the exordium of what seemed at one time likely to become an interminable curtain-lecture—Miss Mitchison said something about "revaluing our values." However, instead of paying close attention to her oratory, which had all the incoherence of fanaticism, I allowed my interest to wander to the oratress, feeling that the clue to her (and Mr. Gielgud's) play was more likely to be found by studying her personality. Miss Mitchison appeared before us as an almost perfect embodiment of Art and Intellectuality. Also of Progress, Unconventionality and Instinctive Anti-ism. But more particularly of Art.

Here was the clue I had been looking for. I now knew what the authors wanted me to feel about their Problem. Knowing this, I understood why hitherto I had been puzzled and uncertain. It was simply because of my natural Philistinism that the "case" they had put before me, had seemed unconvincing and extravagant. Had I been an Artist and an Intellectual, I should probably have understood quite easily. And the failure of "Full Fathom Five" to stay even the brief fortnight's course of an Embassy production, was probably due very largely to the fact that the average English playgoer is as Philistine as I am.

The problem was this. Supposing a man who has hitherto been normal and pleasant and kindly, becomes (as a result of shell-shock, for example) subject to fits of insane cruelty, so that his wife and children grow to regard him with fear and something not very different from loathing; and assuming also (though I am not quite sure if this further assumption is essential to the argument) that the man himself is tortured by physical pain during these attacks—is it not the duty of Society to provide a lethal chamber for such "cases"; and further, until Society is sufficiently enlightened to appreciate and carry out this duty, it is not incumbent on courageous and right-minded individuals to "take the law into their own hands" and commit what the State would regard and punish as premeditated murder?

That is the question asked by the authors of "Full Fathom Five"; and I cannot doubt that they (or at least Miss Mitchison) would answer it with an emphatic Yes, and were endeavouring to persuade the Embassy audience to revalue its old values and to echo that Yes. In which case I would venture to reply that I, at any rate, cannot be induced to generalize from a single instance; and that I am even less disposed to do so when the single instance is fictitious—unless I recognize the particular fictitious instance as typical of other, actual and authenticated instances.

So far as the case related in "Full Fathom Five" is concerned, I decline to admit that the circumstances depicted were typical. On the contrary, they were almost incredible. We had seen a very charming, if rather abnormally conservative, English gentleman, who, as a result of shell-shock, was liable to "go off the deep end" occasionally. We had seen him subjected, by what was presumably nothing more reprehensible than sheer stupidity on the part of his wife, to the uncongenial society of a group of Intellectual guests, whose egotism, vanity and selfishness would have driven even the most healthy-minded man to frenzy. These guests were a sculptress, a poet, a stuttering hermaphrodite with a weakness for singing Elizabethan songs to his own accompaniment on a ukelele, and a ponderous American professor who took longer to say nothing—nothing, at any



rate, that was intelligible—than could possibly have been justified had his lips been dripping pearls of wit and wisdom. He was also the victim of a pair of children, putatively his and aged about sixteen, whose conception of holiday amusement was the reading of Bolshevik propaganda and the playing of a game called "Soviets."

Now, after Miss Mitchison's explanatory appearance on the stage, I realized that we in the audience had been intended to regard these guests as clever and sensible and generally delightful company, and the children as bright little dears. That, it was obvious, was how a properly Artistic person would regard them. And of course if we had felt like that about them, we should also have felt very much less sympathetic towards Father. We might even have felt (as the sculptress and the poet felt) like murdering him when we saw him sadistically ill-treating his precocious daughter, instead of (as I must confess I personally felt) like clapping our hands in approval at this exhibition of belated discipline. And when the sculptress and her poet-lover decided to murder Captain Kidd and deliberately drowned him off the coast of Cornwall, we might even have applauded this unquestionably courageous deed, had we not, as a result of our innate Philistinism, been hoping that the gallant captain would, on the contrary, drown them.

It might, of course, be argued that the authors of this problem-play did thus, inadvertently, achieve their purpose. They had made out a plausible case for their contention that a lethal-chamber is the proper place for intolerable human nuisances. It is true that the authors and the audience may have had conflicting views on the minor issue as to which of their dramatic personæ would be "better dead." It is also true that if both sides had their way in the matter, there would be no survivors left to enjoy the fruits of the experiment.

The trouble with this play, regarded as a piece of propaganda, is that the audience is utterly perplexed by what appear to be conflicting claims upon its sympathy. The verbal arguments are in favour of the murderers of Captain Kidd, while the human sympathies are favouring the victim. Without an explanatory appearance by Miss Mitchison, they can hardly be expected to appreciate that all these odiously Artistic people are presented by the authors as quite normal and delightful. And unless they appreciate this point, they will naturally find difficulty in seeing any justification for the murder of a comparatively pleasant and attractive gentleman by a couple of conceited young highbrows—who, had they had an ounce of common-sense would have seen that the quickest and simplest and surest way of curing their afflicted host was to remove their (to him, at any rate) obnoxious and exacerbating selves.

It may be that the casting, acting and production of the play contributed to the confusion of our sympathies. Mr. Cecil Parker was so pleasant and attractive as the shell-shocked Captain Kidd, and so sane by contrast with the others, that I felt he must be minimizing the insanity, while they on the other hand must be exaggerating their peculiar abnormalities. But then, as I keep repeating, everything was changed when Miss Mitchison appeared on the stage, and convinced us that the problem had been viewed by the authors through more Artistic eyes than our's. And I left the theatre feeling that it was simply my wretched Philistinism that had prevented me from seeing Captain Kidd as bestial and intolerable and mad, and from appreciating the sanity and charm of Mr. Beckwith's Bolshevik Etonian, the stammering hermaphrodite portrayed by Mr. Van Gysegheem, Mr. Rivenhall's loquacious old American professor, the sensitive (or "touchy") egotism of Mr. Sebastian Shaw's poet, and the morbid intensity of Miss Mary Merrill's sculptress. Still, from both the Philistine and the Artistic points of view, these were all of them most excellent and interesting performances.

## FILMS BY MARK FORREST

*Un soir de Rafle.* Directed by Carmine Gallone. The Rialto.

*Strictly Dishonourable.* Directed by John M. Stahl. The Regal.

*The Dove.* Directed by Herbert Brenon. The Leicester Square.

THERE is a great deal of which is very refreshing about "Un Soir de Rafle," which continues for another week at the Rialto. First and foremost there is the acting of Annabella and Albert Prejean, whom you will remember for their delightful performances in Mr. Clair's two comedies; the former was the girl in "Le Million" and the latter was the hero of "Sous les Toits de Paris." They look like real people and behave like them; those qualities together with the unobtrusive, but fine direction of Mr. Gallone makes the ordinary story which does duty for their talents appear something new and strange. After all it is by no means the first time that an author's imagination has made a sailor knock out the man who takes on all comers, become the champion of Europe (it is usually of the world) and then to be dazzled by the society of a woman who is charming to him so long as his money lasts. That is what happens to Prejean and, when he has suffered his inevitable defeat at the fists of a fitter man, Annabella takes him back again. The dialogue is in French, but very little knowledge of the language is necessary for the film to be readily understood and appreciated. The management of the Academy should try and rent this picture and so extend its run.

"Strictly Dishonourable" was an amusing play, but the champagne has become Asti in its translation from the stage to the screen. The direction lacks any originality and the camera has merely been used to record some of the author's lines. A good many of these are very good, if you like listening to skates on thin ice, but Sidney Fox, who plays the simple and innocent girl from the South, only succeeds in "putting over" the rind of the character; the fruit escapes her. This is a great pity for, in so far as she fails, the fun fails with her. Lewis Stone, on the other hand, as the kindly judge, gives one of his soundest performances and Paul Lukas, who proposes to add the girl to his sack of scalps and ends by putting her to bed with a teddy bear, is sufficiently good.

Mr. Lubitsche would have made something very delightful out of this play; the idea and the author's treatment of it would have suited his own particular genius, and I would like to have seen Annabella as the girl. Under those conditions one might have been charmed and amused as one was with "The Marriage Circle" which is Mr. Lubitsche's best comedy so far.

The Leicester Square is showing "The Dove" with Dolores del Rio in the leading part. This is a melodrama straight from the borders of Mexico; it has been seen in London before, for two or three years ago Norma Talmadge played the chief part in the silent version of the same story. Dolores del Rio looks very beautiful and Leo Carillo lends a certain amount of excitement to the character of "the bes' callabero in all Mexico"; but the main trouble with all stories of this description is present—one knows the end at the beginning. The young "Americano" is bound to win at the finish, and the way he effects his capture is not, in this particular instance, very thrilling. In fact, he is twice outmanoeuvred by the "bes' caballero in all Mexico," and is only allowed to take away the beautiful Dolores because the latter bluffs him into giving up her lover. The whole picture is taken at a very slow pace and this tends to minimise its appeal still further.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### AN IRISH PRIEST

SIR,—The reviewer of Canon Young's "Reminiscences of an Irish Priest" thinks his account of "Skip-the-Litany Pratt" almost incredible. But it is at least in keeping with two stories I heard about him from my father, who went to the Donagh district in 1862 and lived there for sixty years.

a. Once Pratt was reading the burial service by a graveside. He noticed a terrier hunting a rat amongst the gravestones, and kept the corner of his eye on him as he read the solemn words. When the terrier finally caught the rat, he muttered audibly "Damn it, he has it."

b. A man who lived in a cottage opposite the Glebe gate kept a pig, which used to trespass on Pratt's lawn, to his great annoyance. Once he saw the pig in his grounds and came down in a very bad temper, and told its owner to "take it away to hell out of that." As he was walking back to the Rectory he found the man driving the pig up the avenue after him. He demanded an explanation, and the man replied:

"Sure, your Reverence, I always heard that the best way to find the road to hell was to follow the devil."

This latter story may be a chestnut locally fathered on Pratt. But I knew the owner of the pig!

SYDNEY H. DAVIDSON

### BUYING BRITISH

SIR,—As the result of much loose thinking and still more loose talking on the part of our political pastors and masters, England finds herself in the greatest plight she has ever been in the memory of anyone walking the earth to-day.

And in the face of these great and grave difficulties, she still goes blundering along, toying with tariffs, and not knowing whether or no to encourage the foreigner to come to manufacture in this country.

Now is our opportunity if ever there was one, to redress our trade balance and restore financial equilibrium—and how is it done? By convincing the public that:—

- (1) They must buy their equipment, motor cars, tyres, foodstuffs, from genuine 100% well established English firms.
- (2) They must take the trouble to ascertain that the firm is not the English branch of a foreign firm.
- (3) They must try and substitute the goods of 100% English firms for those of foreign firms, whether they manufacture here or not. Patriotism demands that if the goods are not exactly what they want, they should make do, at all events until the crisis is over.

In the meantime English firms have the chance of organising themselves to produce what is required.

The public must be told and taught that the old money system has collapsed for all time and until we find a new one, no money should leave the country, either in payment for goods made outside of Great Britain, or in payment of dividends earned by foreign firms to-day in England.

Streatham, S.W.16.

J. C. BRYAN

### INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS

SIR,—I read with interest an article upon the Intelligence of animals in the SATURDAY REVIEW dated January 16. I have thirty years experience with horses and in gratitude to them feel I must write in their defence.

I would like to ask Mr. Dickie if it does not show "flexibility of mind" in the horse in that, when a rider in front of him is thrown, he does everything in his power to avoid stepping upon and hurting the fallen man.

EDITH COLEHURST

### MR. FORREST'S VIEWPOINT

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Knowles' letter upon my viewpoint, Hollywood deserves to be on the verge of bankruptcy, and, as a fact, the condition of the cinema industry over there is by no means a healthy one. If Mr. Knowles will go and see the work of Clair, Pabst, Eisenstein and Rudovkin—four directors whose efforts to use the camera with intelligence I have always praised unreservedly—I am sure he will appreciate how difficult it is to applaud the work of the American directors without any reservations. Mr. Knowles has not read me, however, as carefully as he alleges, for I have praised very fully the direction of Frank Borzage in "Bad Girl"; of William Howard in "Transatlantic" (though his "Surrender" at the moment at the New Gallery is poor stuff); of Albert Santell in "Daddy Long Legs"; of Schoedsack in "Rango"; of Frank Capra in "Dirigible"; of Lewis Milestone in "The Front Page" and of John Adolfi in "The Millionaire"—to mention only a few.

To my mind Hollywood, taken as a whole, has intellectually made a sad mess of its great opportunity; though technically, again writing generally, it is very much in advance.

London.

MARK FORREST.

### AFGHANS AND THE FRONTIER

SIR,—In the first line of the ninth paragraph of my article entitled "The Afghans and the North-West Frontier," published in your issue of the 30th January, 1932, a very unfortunate misprint occurs. Ex-King Amanullah's name is printed in place of that of the brigand-king Bacha Saquo; for at the time of which the article speaks there, Ex-King Amanullah was well away in Rome; and it was the leader of the brigands who sought the blood of our beloved king Nadir.

SYED IKBAL.

### BEST SELLERS

SIR,—Mr. Ince's arguments that the best seller is necessarily bad are based entirely on the assumption that the minority is always right. Following his line of thought to its logical conclusion we find that the greater the book the less it sells, so that a book which is never published but only read by its author—Mr. Ince for example—must be a work of pure genius.

The masses, says Mr. Ince, like "a good story." True, but that hardly entitles him to infer that a good story must be bad, rather it leads to the conclusion that "the intelligent reading public" which "you can number in hundreds," cannot appreciate a good story.

The truth is that there is no particular reason why a best seller should be either good or bad art. If it strikes a responsive note in the minds and imaginations of a hundred thousand people it must possess something which lifts it from the ruck. The chances are that if that something were rewritten in technical "intelligent" language it would also interest those whom you can only "number in hundreds."

Adelphi, W.C.2.

AYLOR K. VINEY.

### A NEW FLIGHT

SIR,—I think it will interest you to know that Mr. Richards and I are starting a long-distance flight early in March to Australia. We propose taking seventeen days, our object being not a time record but to achieve what will in time be known as an everyday practical

flight. Mr. R. T. Richards, who will be my sole companion, has only just taken his A licence, and we propose taking control in shifts of two hours each.

Neither of us have flown before, but we bought a Moth early in December and commenced our flying lessons at Brooklands that month.

Mr. C. W. A. Scott helped us with details of the route he took to Australia last year, and insisted that where possible it was safer for us to take a land route, although it meant a longer detour.

Witton Castle, Co. Durham. ISOBEL CHAYTOR.

(Our readers will no doubt follow with interest the details of the flight as it is reported day by day in the daily Press.—ED.)

### IS ART INTERNATIONAL?

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. C. L. Hales, suggests that foreign musicians and artists visiting this country should be heavily taxed.

Mr. Hales is perhaps not aware that there are many thousands of Britons working abroad, and if we place an embargo on foreigners and otherwise put difficulties in their way, foreign countries would certainly retaliate and our own countrymen abroad would then have to suffer: these would probably lose their jobs and return to England only to find that there are no vacancies here. This would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. If it is not possible in commerce, then at least in art should there be an absolutely free exchange of talent.

Furthermore, I fail to see how British artists would be protected and helped to find employment and recognition at home, by putting extra pounds into the coffers of the Exchequer.

HENRY WELSH.

### SPORT AND PRESTIGE

SIR,—I entirely agree with Mr. Pundick when he states that we are losing prestige abroad through our poor displays in international sporting contests. This country may have taught the world how to play, but that has been forgotten a long time ago in every country except our own. Foreigners believe they meet us on equal terms, as they do, when we lose championship after championship and contest after contest they cannot be blamed if they begin to think that the Englishman, is not the man he was.

Sport has become something more than merely playing with a ball. It is an institution with many ramifications, and it now claims the attentions of Governments as well as sportsmen. This has long been recognised in other countries, where skill in sport is carefully fostered with the set intention of enhancing national prestige abroad. But in England we seem content to play our little games, to enjoy ourselves on Saturday afternoons, and to let long held records go with a shrug of the shoulders and a "Well, what does it matter, it's only a game."

I am not suggesting that the control of sport should pass into the hands of a Government Department. Heaven forbid! But I do think that steps should be taken to see that promising talent is given its chance, and that those in control should recognise the part sport plays in international relations today, and the bigger part it is destined to play in the future.

Bath.

ENGLISHMAN

### DOUBTFUL FILMS

SIR,—So much has lately been written about the dangers of sex and crime films that a word in defence of the cinema is long overdue. I hold no particular brief for Hollywood but I do think that many of the attacks

made against it are unfair. Hollywood, we are told, is debasing a great art and lowering the general standard of morality by its exhibitions of the sordid side of life. Those who bring these criticisms seem to forget that life is sordid and that it is far better for the rising generation to know and face the full facts of existence than to leave them shrouded in mystery to do untold harm by stealth.

Sex may have been rather overdone in recent films but the cinema seems to be the first of the arts to recognise the part it plays in real life, and in stressing it it has only given sex its proper place in the scheme of things. People tell me that Norma Shearer's films, for example, are utterly untrue to life. I beg to differ. I think I may claim to have seen all Miss Shearer's films and they represent not wild fancy but real life as it is lived by a section of the community.

The English public must get over their childishness. Hollywood is leading the way to a clearer understanding of sexual life, and we must throw aside our false values and learn to know ourselves.

W.2.

A. L. CANNING-SAUNDERS

### TAXATION OF CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES

SIR,—I note with interest that the Association of British Chambers of Commerce have submitted a special report to the Chancellor of the Exchequer urging that Co-operative Societies should be placed upon the same taxation footing as other trading concerns, and that this recommendation has produced vigorous protests from those connected with the co-operative movement, especially from the Secretary of the Co-operative Union.

The Secretary of the Co-operative Union has referred to the statement that taxation evasions cost the Exchequer about £8,000,000 per annum and that some of the evaders are to be found among members of the Chambers of Commerce. Quite possibly this may be so, but how about the co-operative customers? Do those who are liable to income tax include in their returns the refunds which they receive from the Societies? Since the Royal Commission presented its report, the position has changed very materially and now that the minimum income upon which one is liable to income tax has been reduced, a huge number of those who previously were exempt are now brought within its scope.

In common justice to the taxpayers of this country, the time is long overdue when the Co-operative Societies should contribute their fair share of the nation's burdens. I hope that this opportunity of securing equality of treatment will not be thrown away by the present Government, which will not be national in the true sense unless it rectifies this gross anomaly.

Rottingdean, Sussex.

STRATHSPEY

### RELIGION AND THE STATE

SIR,—It is reported that Dr. Temple on Sunday in his Geneva sermon said "I am one of those who in 1914 believed and still believe that it was my country's duty then to take up arms."

This country recognises the Christian Religion so much as to make it a State religion, thus commending the practice of Christianity to its citizens. Therefore the State cannot object, if a citizen obeys his religion in time of war and refuses to kill his fellowmen, because it has already sanctioned this religion. The individual came into being before the State and religion before politics. The Established Church may play for "safety first" by giving its assent to a righteous war! But as the individual founded both State and Church, he and his religion have the greatest sanctity and authority even at the cost of disobeying the state and disowning his church's attitude.

Union Society, Oxford.

STEPHEN BUCKLE



## NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

*Brave New World.* By Aldous Huxley.  
Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

*Boomerang.* By Helen Simpson. Heinemann.  
8s. 6d.

*North Wind.* By James Lansdale Hodson.  
Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

By their Utopias shall you know them. Mr. Huxley's reveals his considerable interest in biology and psychology, a slight and mocking interest in religion, and a complete indifference to mechanical invention, politics and economics. In the year of stability, Anno Fordi 632, the human race has in practice ceased to be viviparous, and its young are hatched out in conditions that assisted by post natal suggestion relegate them to five rigidly distinct classes, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta and Epsilon. A Gamma will despise and avoid the lower classes, but its respect for the upper is untinted by envy. Has he not a better time and less to do? Content, or if you prefer the word, happiness, is universal. There can be no "long time interval between the consciousness of a desire and its fulfilment," because all desires that society does not encourage have been eradicated in the cradle or the incubator. Very occasionally one may find an individual out of equilibrium. Bernard Marx was shorter than other Alphas, and therefore arrogant with his inferiors, uneasy with his equals, shy of women, lacked only courage to be a rebel. Helmholtz Watson was too able, an Alpha Double Plus, and as physical deficiencies tended to isolate Marx, so mental excess Watson. It is however from outside the world, so to speak, from a savage reservation in New Mexico, that the ingenuous hero comes.

Throughout the work of Mr. Aldous Huxley, certainly from that agreeable symposium "Crome Yellow" onwards, recurs the characteristic theme of a young woman, who takes love easily, desired by a young man who takes it hard. With the sexes reversed the situation has been regarded as pathetic, if not tragic. The maiden in whom the tender passion is inextricably entangled with all other passions, with a complex infinitude of imperfectly realised hopes and fears, has to adjust herself to a man, not necessarily vicious nor otherwise obtruse who seeks the pleasant satisfaction of a physical need. Mr. Huxley repeatedly draws our attention to cases in reality by no means rare, where it is the man who is the virginal romantic, the woman matter-of-fact. The masculine sufferings are none the less poignant because the ridiculous in them obscures the pathetic. That they are rather comic Mr. Huxley seems to agree. The savage, almost exclusively educated on Shakespeare, and distracted by an Oedipus Complex—savages are still viviparous—is driven by the frank young daughters of civilisation through self torture to suicide. He wanted a Juliet. Perhaps one should rather say: he wanted to want a Juliet. And all he could find was a girl who could not understand this fuss about erotic sport.

On the whole Mr. Huxley does not seem to have gained much by choosing in "Brave New World" to transfer his satire from the present to the future, though that future a Zenith City ruled by Stalins is, within the limits of his interests, amusing and ingenious enough. What he has gained in freedom he has lost in pertinence. Wholeheartedly I agree that a Utopia may be constructed to caricature the most repugnant tendencies of contemporary progress. That architect of so many spacious and white robed futures, Mr. H. G. Wells himself, is author of "When The Sleeper Wakes." And Mr. Huxley's Feelies which will have superseded the Talkies as the latter did the simple Movies do give the reader a thrill as powerful if not quite as joyous as the happy

audiences will receive. But the author's aristocratic protest against vulgar pleasures is weakened, not assisted by his oviparous democracy being what he has chosen to make it. A thousand years hence, Mr. Huxley insinuates, we shall pay for the suppression of unhappiness by the suppression of the individual. A thousand years hence! But what is happening now? Something worse. Individuality is being suppressed without security being achieved.

These are high matters, and "Brave New World" is chiefly intended as a Lark, as the which it will delight Aldous Huxleians; Julian Huxleians too. Never does the knowledge sink to knowingness, rarely the wit to witticisms, and the plot which I have hardly tried to summarise has unusual clarity and strength. But I shall welcome Mr. Huxley's return to the so-called twentieth century; to 300 B.F., is it?

"Boomerang" begins in rich absurdity and ends in the trenches. To the beginning the only objection that can be made is that the later comedy makes this farce insignificant, and this comedy itself is spoilt by the weak, dismal and querulous conclusion. The moral of this is that the book is best enjoyed if its formal unity is ignored. Four generations of the Boissy family figure here, and Lady Frome loses her lover not far from the spot where her amazing great-grandfather Auguste-Anne Boissy de Mortemar, sometime King of Corazon, was born. This, however, is not a Boissy saga, nor any one thing in particular. Miss Simpson has a thousand observations to record, twenty stories to tell, and she does so in a thousand and twenty moods. So dip into the lucky bag. Cut and come again. Thus, and thus only, you will not be disappointed.

Let me try now to give some hint of what awaits the reader of "Boomerang." A description of the Sydney Cup in the "earlies" and of Jack's unhappy plight when after prudently disobeying his lady love who wanted to put five pounds on an outsider sees the leading horses bump and bore each other off the course and the outsider come in first at 100 to 1. The amazing treasure of the sunken island and how the villain met his death in the bull ring. How New South Wales welcomed with reverent applause the most edifying of female novelists, and how she proved to be an impostor who was directing the White Slave Traffic of the Pacific. How an ugly duckling was expelled from her Australian nest and to the annoyance of her relations returned as Her Excellency, the wife of the Governor General. The great quarrel between the Reverend Mother Philomena and the Anti-Vatican League, with special reference to the vision of Sister Barbe. The old man whose duel—But what use subtitling "Boomerang"?

Mr. Hodson is too much the journalist (more politely, too good a journalist) as yet to become the novelist he may be. Strange facts, or commonplaces provided they be factual, he finds irresistible, and he cannot turn aside from the chance of good descriptive reporting merely because it would be irrelevant to his theme. Sir Philip Gibbs was like that in his early books. Even that consummate artist, Mr. Kipling, has not been able quite to repress his love for seeing how the wheels go round, and showing that he knows how. "North Wind" contains one outstanding character, Martin Frobisher, typical of so many whose development was half arrested by the war and half morbidly quickened, yet individual, too lively, sympathetic. "The north was in his blood; and when he thought of the north he thought of it, curiously enough, as the southerner thinks of it—pitheads, and furnaces, and mills, and standardised streets, clanking trams, filthy trains and ringing feet." . . . But unhappily the north wind blows too softly and Frobisher is almost buried beneath what Frobisher saw, in the trenches, in a government office, on Armistice Day, at a first night. A good book, "North Wind," but better should come from anyone so sensitive and sensible as its author.



## REVIEWS

### A MAN OF HIS TIME

*Edward Clodd: a Memoir.* By Joseph McCabe. Cape 6s.

ONE fact, I think, will come to be recognised as typical of the generation to which Edward Clodd belonged. Like Thomas Hardy, he was born in 1840, and therefore was only nineteen when "The Origin of Species" appeared. This book had a profound influence on the young people of that time, and we can now see their religious beliefs to have turned upon the literal truth of "Genesis" so that the shock caused by the newly accepted theory of evolution was much stronger among Bible-worshippers than elsewhere. These young Darwinians formed a generation of their own with one central experience in common, and, if their history should be written, it would describe the different reactions of its members to a common loss. Clodd was the son of a Baptist brig-master and was intended for the Ministry, but at the age of fourteen, while staying with an uncle in London, he boldly entered the office of an accountant and asked to be taken on as a clerk. He does not appear to have encountered much opposition from his disappointed parents, and in 1862 he entered the Joint Stock Bank to the secretaryship of which he was promoted ten years later. There the rest of his long working life was passed, and out of the sermons and lectures that he attended in his scanty leisure grew the scientific expositions which he was to write and the friends that he was to gather round him. In his business, in his writings, and in his friendships he achieved a solid success, and there is nothing beyond his own ability to explain it.

Mr. McCabe, akin in interests and pursuits to Edward Clodd, devotes himself mainly to the growth of Clodd's opinions and to a sketch of the parties that used to be entertained at Aldeburgh where Clodd spent his holidays and to which he retired when his working life was over. There was little external incident to record, and this book has to supply the framework on which grew the blossoms that were gathered by Clodd himself in his "Memories." Men like Huxley, Sir James Frazer, Andrew Lang, Samuel Butler, Hardy, Meredith, and H. W. Nevenson flit through these pages, and among the disappointments of Clodd's old age was the discovery that several of his Rationalistic friends had relapsed into their former beliefs. We are more than once tantalised by glimpses that discretion or some practical obstacle prevents the author from enlarging—such as the alleged discovery of unprintable erotic poems among the papers left by Wordsworth, and an obscure reference to psychoanalysis that seems likely to imply some scandalous explanation. Surely, however, this theory, like any other, must be independent of anything that could be urged justly against its originators. Clodd, who died within sight of his ninetieth birthday, remained unshaken in his opinions, but the war and the spread of spiritualism modified his faith in human progress, and he will be remembered chiefly for the writings in which he popularised the current scientific attitude to such things as the origin of religion and the creation of the world. Mr. McCabe is at some pains to show that Clodd's mature attitude to life did not alter, but it can scarcely be pretended that what can be conveniently called Rationalism will ever satisfy the majority of men, or that, as Clodd himself remarked, science makes any pretence of solving the mysteries that touch us most nearly.

The book can be commended as an honest memoir of a straight-forward and capable man, a typical product of his age, and worth exactly the modest record that Mr. McCabe has here provided.

OSBERT BURDETT

### DIVORCE

*The Fight for Divorce.* By Francis Gribble Hurst & Blackett. 10s. 6d.

FROM this short history of divorce emerges the fact that the fight from 1550 to 1800 was mainly between Protestant and Catholic, and since 1800 between Catholic and Rationalist. The sacramental view was challenged at the Reformation by the contractual view; but the Protestant contract was strictly supervised by presbyters who imported the element of delinquency at every turn. The erring spouse was not allowed to marry the paramour even if he or she escaped imprisonment, nor were adult spouses allowed to contemplate divorce by consent. However, divorce was at least granted for desertion in Scotland and elsewhere.

The Protestant system of divorce prevails in most English Colonies and the older American States; but in most European countries and in modern American States the element of consent is not excluded even if it masquerades as separation maturing into divorce. In England and Wales there still prevails the Anglo-Catholic muddle of 1857 by which contractual rights were poured like new wine into the old bottles of the sacramental idea. The Majority Report Commissioners stuck to the Protestant notion, though twitted by the Minority party on the question of consent being the logical outcome of modern divorce theories, and there for the moment the question remains.

Mr. Gribble attacks all the churches with considerable gusto and his historical work is entertaining. He might profitably have included more information as to the law in European countries. British Colonies, and American States as well as the interesting nullity facilities which exist in the civil courts of Italy and many of the South American States, though no longer in Spain or Austria.

Those who are familiar with the subject of divorce law reform in England may remember that an Act on the lines of the Majority Report has twice been carried through the House of Lords and that the only present obstacle is the House of Commons. For more than twenty-five years I have speculated as to the reason why so obvious a reform as divorce law reform should never be passed in the House of Commons. Apart from the representative stupidity of that House it is not as if husbands had anything to gain by obstruction, for on balance they are worse off than wives. Probably the real reason for opposition is that nobody knows what sort of mess the House of Commons might make of marriage and divorce and we instinctively avoid the ills we know not.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

### THE GRAND TOUR

*Gone Abroad.* By Charles Graves. Nicholson and Watson. 9s. 6d.

THIS book describes a journey through Germany and Belgium recently made by the author, which began at Berlin and ended at Bruges. But when we have said this we have given only a very superficial description of the book. For it is much more than a book of travel. The writer gives his ideas and impressions upon every conceivable subject—people, politics, art, racing, duelling—all in the most delightful English. One reads and reads. I challenge anyone to put down this book before he has reached the final full-stop.

The writer was delighted with Germany and things German; "Her satisfying size and solidity, her politeness and her lack of both humour and resentment, are Germany's most notable characteristics." And he goes on to remark "The inhabitants like five-mark pieces, English people, monoplanes, venison, and strong men. They dislike plain cooking, make-up, and references to

the Polish Corridor." He notes also that Germany to-day is the politest nation on earth, that far fewer people can talk French than English, and that the population contains over four million Communists. Their cooking, we learn is excellent. And gourmets may also be interested to know that Germany contains the two best restaurants in Europe—Walterspiel in Munich and Horcher's in Berlin, where they serve eau-de-Cologne with the finger-bowls.

The book opens with Berlin. "The whole city," the writer remarks, "looks immensely solid and well-built." Indeed, its recuperation since the war is phenomenal, and there is not a jerry-built house to be seen in the whole city. Mr. Graves had a grand time in Berlin. He went to all the best restaurants and visited all the most amusing shows in the town. He also went down to see the Ufa film studios and the Nacht Kultur Club at Motzen Muhle, a short distance out of the capital. Here the film actresses and actors walk about as if they were once again in the Garden of Eden. "There were about sixty people when we arrived, all wearing exactly nothing. . . . They all seemed completely unself-conscious about their appearance—and indeed, they were. . . . There is not the slightest sign of indecency among these people. . . . Anything of that sort would be very much resented, I was told, and the offender would be first thrown into the lake and then out of the club." The fact is that the Germans, especially the younger generation of Germans, are almost crazy about physical fitness. All over the country one comes across hiking parties and Jugendherberges, or hostels for hikers, are a regular feature of the countryside.

The writer then proceeded to Hamburg and thence to Cologne and the cities of the Rhine. At Cologne he had the luck to visit the 4711 Eau-de-Cologne factory—the first person outside the firm, so he was told, who has ever been allowed to do so. Something like 50,000 blooms go to the making of a half-pint of essence of white Bulgarian roses, while to secure a thimbleful of the essence of moss of oak-trees, the moss from over half a square mile of forest has to be stripped before boiling it down. Then he pushed on to Bonn, Frankfurt, and Heidelberg—where duelling is still practised by the undergraduates, Oberammergau, Nuremberg, Leipsig, and Dresden.

So to Belgium. "Belgium to-day is a land of geraniums, *pave cherries*, estaminets, golf-courses, old and new battlefields, drinking-clubs, lime-trees, chestnut-trees, old and new cemeteries, poplars and casinos; as well as cathedrals, *hotels de ville*, monuments, memorials, statues and belfries." And Mr. Graves has something to say of each and all of these phenomena. There is a vivid account of the trip he made to the battlefields—the passing comments of the guide, the remarks of the tourists. All very well done.

Charles Graves is, I understand, a brother of Robert Graves, the author of *Good Bye To All That*. Like his brother, he too is the master of a beautiful English style. Here is a descriptive passage of the scenery one passes as one glides down the Rhine in a river-steamer. "Every three or four miles you must imagine small red-tiled villages with tall old grey churches in their centre looking like motherly hens guarding their chickens. The cottages are nearly all constructed with black beams and white plaster. There they lie, dozing in the sun, and sitting in a deck chair, just beside you is a man also dozing in the sun. His spectacles glint. But he is fast asleep. Five hundreds yards away you can descry the peasants in blue smocks diligently picking grapes. Then a seagull wings across her way into your line of vision. She is a long way from the sea. Every now and then a double canoe painted green and blue glides swiftly past, paddled by a couple of boys and girls, or both, in bathing dresses. . . ." How these Graves's can write!

## ART OLD AND NEW

*Confessions of a Keeper and Other Papers.*  
By D. S. MacColl. Alexander Maclehose.  
12s. 6d. net.

IN the Spring of 1930 I startled some of the readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW by asking whether art was dying. The question was prompted by the reception of various publications tending to prove that certain modern painters and sculptors, whose work is often hardly distinguishable from the scribble of infants and the painful efforts of street corner draughtsmen were great artists.

Since then I have seen much more of the same sort of hyperbole by art fanciers who, having tried to stabilise a nonsense novelty, ingeniously find it not incompatible with the work of the Primitives or some other accepted school. Fostering this kind of experiment, and placing it on a level with the finest achievements of mankind, some writers on art have no difficulty in erecting a theory which suggests that the man or woman who indicates three cigarette ends, two burnt matches, a playing card and an ovoid orange has discovered something of singular importance.

It is pleasant, however, to notice that one or two of the enthusiasts of 1930 are a little less enthusiastic, hesitating before raising their protégés to even higher altitudes.

For such there is some hope, and if they will only read Mr. D. S. MacColl's book, "Confessions of a Keeper and Other Papers," they will be by way of learning that all that comes as it were in a moment of mental aberration is not great art; they will be brought back to a sense of proportion and a standard of taste.

Mr. MacColl was, of course, the Keeper of the Tate Gallery and Wallace Collection. He is an artist and poet of distinction, and for many years has written about art in a stimulating and imaginative way. As a critic he uses a rare power of emphasizing the beauty or dismissing the stupidity of a painting. His style is memorably clear, for his thought is never too tricky to be ambiguous. He does not effect the sort of jargon that bewilders rather than enlightens lovers of art. Being a wit, as well as a scholar, his is probably the best mind to deal with the collective effort of the whole modern movement from Cézanne to Picasso.

There are three papers in this book that should be carefully studied by all persons interested in recent developments. They are "A Year of Post Impressionism," "Drawing, New and Old," and "Cézanne as a Deity." Mr. MacColl analyses the preposterous claims made on behalf of the old recluse of Aix en Provence, claims that surely would have staggered Cézanne himself, who died only too well aware of his limitations.

Whatever Messrs. Matisse and Picasso are doing at this precise moment (they are in the habit of changing their styles with the phases of the moon), the idea that the latter is the master of "pure substance," i.e., that he arrives at substance as one might arrive at the mighty atom itself, is exploded. The theory, as Mr. MacColl points out is inapplicable to art: We might just as well expect an artist to paint sound or a smell but it is a

### Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW:—

1. Our next destructive criticism will be an attack on the Liberal policy by a Conservative.
2. Socialism and the Trade Unions by the Hon. Quintin Hogg.
3. How America Repudiated her Debt to Britain.
4. Argument:  
Has the Dead Man Any Rights?



theory calculated to support the attitude that a drawing is not necessarily to be associated with any given subject in our visual experience that indeed it is not even to be looked at, but might be felt or heard.

This sketch of Massine by Picasso, reproduced in Mr. MacColl's book, is just a rather silly piece of simplification in line, a work well within the power of any draughtsman, mediocre or otherwise. To suggest that such things are the basis of a classic revival is no more than saying that genius is inherent in the protoplasm.

Let Mr. MacColl speak for himself on the alleged "Classic" construction of Cézanne. Contemplating his pictures, he remarks:

"No one was ever further from logical 'classic' construction if this is what we are looking for; none of the Impressionists was so uncertain in his shots at a shape. And when we come to fundamentals, to rhythm, whether it be rhythm of the thing seen or rhythm of the picture imagined, or these two combined, as they are in great art, Cézanne is helpless. . . . Cut away the theories and the verbiage and what is actually before us? A forcible head of the painter is the best of them; but even that has only one valid eye; the other portraits are blocks of wood. The vaulted landscapes with figures, the 'Bathers and Satyrs,' are the work of a man who could not command the construction or the expressive gesture of a single figure. . . . What a blinding power has theory for the ingenious mind!"

This particular criticism was written nearly twenty years ago. It has remained and will remain as the final and reasonable verdict on a passionate, eccentric and sincere fumbler in paint, a man whose, "petite sensation" has been glorified into magnificent achievement.

To Mr. MacColl then the credit and the courage of pointing out inaccuracies of judgment. It is our pleasure to agree with him but the value of his book is not only in his opinions of recent and contemporary tendencies. We shall often return to his illuminating study of Rembrandt's etchings, to his defence of Rodin against the strange bias of so cultured a man as Frederic Harrison, to the delicious dialogue between a Symbolist and an Impressionist.

Here is a book that does not profess to make pictures intelligible. That is the painter's duty, and if he fails in this his art has failed. Mr. MacColl writes as an artist for artists who still have confidence in their eyesight, and whose minds and hearts have not been stultified by sophistries.

His book is a rallying point for sound ideas on drawing and painting. It should be read by everyone interested in art.

ADRIAN BURY.

## A GERMAN LOOKS AT FRANCE

*The Civilization of France: An Introduction.*  
By E. R. Curtius. Allen and Urwin.  
12s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH this book is primarily intended for the German public it should have many readers in this country. It is, as its title implies, an attempt to examine the civilisation of France to-day, and in that attempt Dr. Curtius has been remarkably successful. Here and there occurs a balancing of conclusions which might have been different had the work been written by an Englishman, but, taken as a whole, the volume constitutes an exceptionally able study of a problem that is as intricate as it is important.

It is the unity of France that most impresses the German, and the present author devotes a good deal of space to this aspect of his subject. An Englishman would take the feeling of a common nationality more for granted, though every nation thinks that its neighbour



## THE TRIUMPH OF THE DALTON PLAN

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## GONE ABROAD

BY CHARLES GRAVES

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is more patriotic than it is itself. Dr. Curtius rightly describes France as a gerontocracy, for he maintains that in no other country is youth more severely repressed. This is true, and it is a truth that is to some extent hidden from English eyes because the observation is every day becoming more applicable to conditions in the British Isles, the only difference being that here the pretence that youth is at the helm is maintained by the gerontarchs.

Dr. Curtius sees indications of a reaction towards many things that seemed to have been abandoned for ever at the time of the Revolution, and he clearly does not rule out a restoration of the Monarchy as an impossibility. Almost alone among students of modern France he fully realizes the importance of the Action Francaise movement, while his knowledge of his subject may be gauged from the importance which he gives to a knowledge of French literature as a necessary prelude to an understanding of French civilization. It is to be hoped that the book will have the wide circle of readers that it most certainly deserves.

### GUN AND CAMERA

*Shooting with the Rifle and Camera.* By A. J. Siggins. Gollancz. 18s.

FOR those who have read and we hope enjoyed the article on Film-making in another part of this paper, we recommend "Shooting with the Rifle and Camera." It is written by a man with a sense of humour, a man who is at once brave yet humane, who delights in the "bag" that falls to his gun, but whose excitement over a good scene successfully "shot" and worthy of an artist's camera, is just as intense. A man who is as interested in the animal life going on around him as in the shooting of it.

The chances of man versus his prey were more or less fifty-fifty in the days when big game hunting was worth its name, but in these days of modern equipment, the advantage is very much on the side of the hunter, and the thrill has gone. Not so with the camera-man. He risks his life most of the time and yet brings away with him a more lasting enjoyment than ever was possible for the hunter. When the last day draws to a close and the adventure is over, when the hunter returns with a glassy eyed head, the camera-man brings with him a living reminder of the glorious life that runs free through the forests and the plains. A living embodiment of the wonders he has seen in the pictures he has taken.

Mr. Siggins' book is enthralling and has left me with a longing that I am afraid will be difficult to satisfy, a longing to be with Mr. Siggins on his next expedition.

A.A.

### THE LANDS OF TO-MORROW

*Modern South America.* By C. W. Domville Fife. Seeley Service. 21s.

MR. DOMVILLE FIFE has set himself such a high standard in his previous books on Latin America that the highest praise that one can accord to the latest work is to say that it is in every way worthy of its author. That sureness of touch and accuracy of statement which the reader has come to expect are never at fault in the present volume, which is a veritable encyclopædia on the subject of which it treats. A tribute must also be paid to the publishers for the general appearance of the book.

As the author is bent upon giving a description of South America rather than of discussing it from any one point of view, he very wisely abstains from too much detail, with the result that even those who take up the volume with little previous knowledge will lay it down with certain definite impressions fully planted in their minds. Mr. Domville Fife stresses the importance of the modernisation of Latin America, and he is rather at

great pains to show its potentialities than to write of its romantic past, though he has some extremely suggestive observations upon the Inca Empire.

The difficulties which every one of the republics is facing at the present time are due to an excessive reliance in the past upon one particular product, and in these pages we see how steps are everywhere being taken to avoid a repetition of this error in the future. The author also points out that trade in the future may well be upon a slightly different basis in the years to come than it has been in the past, for some of the States now have manufactures of their own which they are disposed to foster; he also has some pertinent advice to offer to the British manufacturer who wishes to market his wares in South America.

To a great extent the development of these lands is dependent upon the recovery of Europe and the United States, though, even so, in more than one republic the labour problem will not be easy to solve without the facilitation of emigration, probably from Asia, on an extended scale. Conversely, it may be said without fear of contradiction that it is in Latin America that Europe, and especially Great Britain, will find the only market that is now capable of almost indefinite expansion.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Elections and Recollections.* By Sir Alfred E. Pease. Murray. 12s.

THIS is an ideal volume for fireside reading. It is a very pleasantly written account of politics in the last two decades of the nineteenth century, and it can be thoroughly recommended both to those who were contemporary with the events described and those who were not. The author believes that, on the whole the old days were better, and he does not hesitate to declare his opinion on this point, as for instance when he points out how much France has lost by becoming a Republic. He is also no believer in democracy, which is certainly not surprising, but he does not seem to realise that he and his Whig friends are primarily responsible for its present form.

*George Canning.* By Sir Chas Petrie, Bt. New Cheap Ed. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 5s.

SIR CHARLES gives a variety of excerpts from Canning's speeches and of contemporary comment, while the major issue of his career, which controlled so much of England's growing pains after 1789, are adequately covered. The author does well to bring out Canning's debt to Burke, who taught him the distinction between liberty and licence, the key to Canning's opposition to all revolutionary excess at home and abroad. Again, the author fairly evaluates the true import of Canning's attitude to America in 1824 over the revolting provinces of Spain in the West Indies. Students of foreign policy may and should welcome this cheap edition.

*At the Western Gate of Italy.* By Edward and Margaret Berry. Lane. 8s. 6d.

TO those fortunate beings who can still afford a Continental holiday this book may be thoroughly recommended. It is a very full and descriptive guide to the Western Italian Riviera, and it deals exhaustively with the history, art, and architecture of that region, while the illustrations are peculiarly attractive. Those who knew the late Mr. Edward Berry as British Vice-Consul at Bordighera will be best able to appreciate the value of this work, which is as near as is possible for a book of this nature. The volume should take its place as the standard work on the Italian Riviera.



*Everyman's Encyclopaedia.* (Dent. 12 vols. 5s. 6d. net each).

ESTABLISHED its reputation as the best of the smaller cyclopædias when it was first published some twenty years ago. It has now been brought down to date, and this re-issue in twelve volumes—of which volumes five to eight are before us, awaiting the final four to complete the set—needs little formal commendation. Suffice it to say that whenever we have had occasion to test it during an office use of several days it has proved informative, accurate and trustworthy.

*The Secret Formula.* By Alan Peters. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

CANCER research as the theme of a story is not often employed by novelists but it has obvious possibilities and is certainly a change from the everlasting search for gold and the elixir of life. Mr. Peters has concocted a readable tale, with a strong background of medical surroundings. He takes us into the wards and post mortem room of a hospital; we see glimpses of Doctor's consulting rooms, nursing and maternity homes, and a meeting of the General Medical Council. The story may be a little rough in parts, but on the whole it is good fun.

#### MAYA CULTURE

*The Temple of The Warriors.* By E. H. Morris. Scribners. 21s.

THE Maya were extraordinary people in a number of ways. Essentially a stone-age people, they had no beasts of burden, they did not know the wheel in any of its applications, and possessed no metal tools whatsoever. Yet their material culture was of an extremely high order. Agriculture they depended upon for existence, and they had worked out a system in balance with the character of the fields within their domain. The few surviving examples of their basketry and textiles are of excellent quality, and while their pottery destined for ordinary use was mediocre, they could when they chose produce some of the most beautiful examples of the potters' art of the entire Western Hemisphere. But it is in the fields of sculpture and architecture that Maya culture reaches its highest point of achievement, as testified to by numerous monuments, stelae, and temples scattered from the Gulf of Mexico to Spanish Honduras. The greatest tribute to the skill of the Maya buildings is found in the temple of Chichen Itzá, the discovery and restoration of which Mr. Morris tells in this book.

A special word of praise is due to the publishers; the book is beautifully produced and contains some excellent coloured illustrations, photographs, and diagrams which add considerably to the interest of the reading matter.

#### COMPETITION NOTE

We greatly regret that owing to limitation of space we are compelled, at any rate for the time being, to omit the Literary Competitions, and also the Crossword and the Acrostic. To those readers who have followed these various series, and from time to time made suggestions for their improvement, we offer thanks and congratulations for past help and, we hope, further co-operation in the future.

#### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC—No. 512

R ub-a-du B  
A nnu al L  
S ombre O  
P rima-donna A  
B andico T  
E dible E  
R üdesheimer R  
R ea P  
b Y e-l Aw  
J ewes S  
A croba T  
M ongoos E

1. A corruption of *pandikoku*, "pig-rat." It is very abundant in Ceylon. Its flesh is said to resemble young pork, and is a article of diet with the coolies. *Imperial Dictionary.*

2. Rudesheimer is the strongest and most fiery of the Rhenish wines. Rhenish wines improve much with age, and continue improving longer than any other wines. Some of the wine-cellars of Germany contain Rhenish wine above 200 years old. *Popular Encyclopædia.*

3. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal.v.7.

Acrostic No. 512.—The winner is "Viol," Mrs. Ritchie, Wells Cathedral School, Wells, Somersetshire, who has selected her prize "Letters from Spain," by Karel Capek, published by Geoffrey Bles and reviewed by us on January 23 under the title "Spain without Tears." Nineteen other competitors chose this book, fourteen named "A Window in Fleet Street," thirteen "The Temple of the Warriors," etc.

#### SOLUTION AND RESULT OF CROSS-WORD No. XLV.

Across: Wriggleearly, Rules, Evening, Es, Ls, Door, Bu, No, Burbled, Ed, Care, Aw, Glory, Portmanteau, Mouse, Pur, Dth, Do, Cau, Cus, Gha, Ithy, Minute, Ti.

Down: Wrenched, Ru, Roap, Mo, Ill, Brooch, Ge, Due, Ru, Ay, Gs, Dratsum, Leobw, Me, Evolg, Apun, Ee, Re, Ln, Su, An, Ydot, Et, Riveredge, Ln, Bby, At, Ht, Guggu, Hai.

#### REFERENCES

- Sylvie and Bruno.* 1a, Ch. 5; 22a, Ch. 17; 30, Ch. 24; 35, Ch. 14; 1d, Ch. 24; 10, Ch. 15; 14 rev. Ch. 4; 22, "Tabby" Ch. 4.
- Alice in W'land.* 12, Ch. 8; 19a, Ch. 7; 23, Noss, Ch. 10; 37, Doth, Ch. 2; 39, Dodo, Ch. 3; 49 rev. Ch. 3; 3d, Ch. 7; 4 and 5, Ch. 5; 6, Elbow, Ch. 8; 7 rev. Ch. 2; 8, Eels Ch. 10; 19 rev. Ch. 9; 21 rev. Custody, Ch. 9; 43, 44, Ch. 5.
- Looking Glass.* 24a, The Jabberwock, Ch. 1; 25 and 27, rev. Ch. 6; 28, Ch. 6; 47, Ch. 6; 48, Ch. 7; 24d, Ch. 5; 35 and 32, Mome, Ch. 6; 38, Haigha, Ch. 7; 46, "Rath," Ch. 6.
- H'g of the Snark.* 26, Fit, 3; 16a, Fs. 2 and 3; 18, Pursue, Fit 4; 33, Fit 2; 41, Away, Fit. 8.

The winner is Mrs. Vernon Cooper, 19, Beech House Road, East Croydon, who has chosen for her prize "Letters from Spain" by Karel Capek; (Bles, 5/-).

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will deliver an address to the Club  
on  
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9th,  
at  
8.30 p.m.

On FEBRUARY 17th, the Club will  
be addressed by

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

## The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Films, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

### THEATRES

#### GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

**HAYMARKET.** *Can the Leopard . . . ?* by Ronald Jeans. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.

**STRAND.** *It's a Girl*, by Austin Melford. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard in a farce similar to "It's a Boy."

**ROYALTY.** *While Parents Sleep*. By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Not for the squeamish nor the intellectual playgoer, but recommended for its rare vitality and boisterous high-spirits.

**WYNDHAM'S.** *The Frightened Lady*. By Edgar Wallace. 8.15. Sat. 2.30. An Edgar Wallace "thriller," redeemed from puerility by an abundance of fine Cockney humour.

**ADELPHI.** "Helen!" Opera-Bouffe, based on "La Belle Helene," by A. P. Herbert. Music by Offenbach. 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Evelyn Laye, George Robey, and W. H. Berry in a gorgeous spectacle, with delightful music and an A. P. Herbert text. Review next week.

### BROADCASTING

#### WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

**DAVENTRY NATIONAL**  
**Sunday, February 7, 4.15 p.m.** *The Chamber Music* Concert will comprise quartets of Beethoven and Schubert, played by the Lener Quartet.  
**Monday, February 8, 6.50 p.m.** Miss V. Sackville-West will give the weekly talk on "New Books."  
 9.20 p.m. Mr. S. P. B. Mais will give the sixth talk in his series "The Unknown Island."  
**Tuesday, February 9, 8.30 p.m.** In the fourth talk in his series on "The Press," Mr. Kingsley Martin will talk about "The Influence of the Press."  
**Wednesday, February 10, 7.5 p.m.** Sir Daniel Hall, K.C.B., F.R.S., Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, will give his fortnightly talk on "Farming."  
 7.30 p.m. The sixth talk in the series "Science and Civilisation" will be given by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., LL.D., D.Sc.  
**Thursday, February 11, 7.30 p.m.** Professor W. G. S. Adams will give the third of his series of talks entitled "Has Parliamentary Government Failed?"  
 9.30 p.m. Mr. Vernon Bartlett will give his weekly talk on "The Way of the World."  
**Friday, February 12, 7.5 p.m.** Mr. Ernest Newman will give his fortnightly Music Criticism.  
 8.0 p.m. Eric Coates will conduct a programme of his own music. Leonard Gowings (tenor) will sing two groups of Coates' songs, one to orchestral accompaniment.  
 9.20 p.m. Professor J. Coatman will give the sixth of his weekly talks on "The Empire and Ourselves."  
**Saturday, February 13, 5 p.m.** Mr. Gerald Heard will give his fortnightly talk on "This Surprising World."  
 9.20 p.m. The sixth of the series of Conversations in the Train entitled "On the 9.20," will be broadcast.

### FILMS

#### MARK FORREST'S LIST

##### LONDON FILMS

**THE REGAL.** *Strictly Dishonourable*. Criticized in this issue.

**THE RIALTO.** *Un Soir de Rafle*. Criticized in this issue.

**THE LEICESTER SQUARE.** *The Dove*. Criticized in this issue.

**THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.** *Congress Dances*. This delightful comedy with music continues. Renate Muller, Jack Hulbert and Owen Nares.

**THE TIVOLI.** *Frankenstein*. A good monster. Not a picture for children.

**THE CARLTON.** *The Cheat*. For those who like Tallulah Bankhead.

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*Donovan's Kid*. With Jackie Cooper and Richard Dix. Somewhat overloaded with sentiment.

### BOOKS TO READ

#### LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

*Difficulties*. By Ronald Knox and Arnold Lunn. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

*An Account of Tibet*. Edited by Filippo de Filippi. Routledge. 25s.

*Medieval Costume and Life*. By Dorothy Hartley. Batsford. 12s.

*Costume and Armour*. By F. Kelly and R. Schab. Batsford. 25s.

*Honest Harry—The Life of Sir Henry Firebrace*. By C. W. Firebrace. Murray. 15s.

*The Dragon's Teeth*. By J. F. C. Fuller. Constable. 10s.

*Tribes of the Niger Delta*. By P. Amoury Talbot. Sheldon Press. 18s.

*Fire-Eater—The Memoirs of a V.C.* By Capt. A. O. Pollard. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

*The Bliss of the Way*. By Cecily Hallack. Burns Oates. 7s. 6d.

### NOVELS

*A Clue from the Stars*. By Eden Phillpotts. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

*Poor Swine*. By Jean Devanny. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

*The Marvellous Boy*. By Ernst Penzoldt. Harrap. 7s. 6d.



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## Poetry

## THE POETRY LEAGUE

ON February 25, at 8 p.m., there will be a Lecture by MR. STURGE MOORE, on "Are there any Principles in Art?" at St. George's Hall, 6, Little Russell Street, W.C.1. MR. PERCY ALLEN in the Chair. Light refreshments will be provided. A COMPETITION has been arranged in connection with this meeting, for which entries of any short LYRICAL POEMS not previously published will be eligible. Members entries are free, others should be accompanied by an entrance fee of 1/-. They should be forwarded to the Hon. Sec., The Poetry League, 6, Little Russell Street, W.C.1, not later than February 20. The results will be announced, and prizes awarded at the conclusion of the meeting.

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